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Genealogy

of the

Stevens Family

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CONTRIBUTION TO THE GENEALOGY
of the
STEVENS FAMILY.

(Written July and August 1885.)

At the request of one of the descendants of the Stevens family, I undertake to write so much of their history as my personal knowledge and authentic information will admit of.

I commence with the fact that our ancestors emigrated from England some time during the Seventeenth Century and settled in New England. Our grandparents still resided there and were living in Vermont in 1813, in which year they made the journey in a wagon from New Fane in that State, to Lima, Ontario County, New York, to visit their children, who, about the beginning of the present Century had left Vermont with their wives and settled at the latter place.

This is the extent of my knowledge of our ancestors on the Stevens' side. Our Mother's name was Wood, whose ancestors were also of English origin, and on her mother's side was a lineal descendant of Roger Sherman, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and for whom the writer of this was named. I think his is the only historical name we are even remotely connected with. The Stevenses immediately likely to be interested in what I narrate are the descendants of the three sons, whom our Grandparents came from Vermont to visit, in 1813, Samuel, Francis and Jacob, who had

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each settled on two hundred acre farms about one mile South of what is now the village of Lima. Their farms adjoined and were made on land originally covered with heavy timber, but by hard and incessant work were made to blossom like the rose. Our Uncle Samuel had been educated for a physician, and although I could not have been over five years old at the time of which I write, I distinctly remember the preparation of lint before his arrival when sent for, our Mother knowing the lancet would be first used without regard to the nature of the illness, and she was, I have heard, equally sure that calomel and jalap would be the medicines administered, and yet he was looked upon as a first class physician.

The Doctor was the oldest of the three brothers. He had(that I can remember,) four children,—two sons and two daughters; James and Jacob were the sons. The daughters' names I do not remember. Jim and Jake as they were familiarly called, anticipated by many years what Mr. Greely told young men to do, and went West. They settled in what was then the State of Ohio, near the City of Sandusky, which city, of course, had no existence then. I have never seen them since, but my brother Horatio visited them some thirty years after this settlement there, and reported them as well-to-do farmers, but little, dryed-up old men; in his opinion, made prematurely old by their incessant fight with the dense forests of Ohio, which must use up one generation in preparing comfortable

homes for the next. I have lost track entirely of this branch of the family and have no knowledge whether they left any descendants to perpetuate the name. Uncle Francis had the good sense, after clearing up his farm in Lima, to stay there and enjoy it.

[(All included within the brackets has been corrected by Mrs. J. S. Billings.)]

Francis Stevens first married Mary Stone. They had three sons and three daughters, the latter being the eldest. The eldest son, Hector, died in infancy. One daughter married a Mr. Moses, and resided at Chili, Western New York. The second, Martha (or Patty) Sherman married a Mr. Bristol, and lived at Gainsville, Wyoming County, New York. The third, Mary, married Levi Holden of Batavia, New York, and afterward removed to Oakland County, Michigan. She died at Pontiac, in that state. Samuel Stevens, the second son, lived and died at Lima, Western New York, on a farm adjoining that of his father, and his children and grandchildren are living in that vicinity now.

The third son, Hector [illegible] Stevens, married [illegible] [illegible], and was [illegible] [illegible] a [illegible] [illegible] to the city of Rochester, New York, but afterward removed to Michigan, and settled at Pontiac, Oakland County, where he practiced his profession for a time, until elected a representative to Congress. After serving two terms, he concluded to make Washington his

permanent residence, and did so until his death. His children were:

Francis Clare, born in Rochester, died in Honduras, A.A., about 1836.

Emily, born in Rochester, married Oscar A. Stevens, now residing at Georgetown, D.C.,

Katharine Mary, born in Rochester, New York, married Doctor John Shaw Billings, U.S.A., now Director of the New York Public Library.

Lucy Charlotte, born in Rochester, New York, married Doctor William Ramsay, U.S.A., of Norristown, Pennsylvania,

Sam Sedgwick, born in Rochester, died in Michigan,

Sedgwick, born in Rochester, New York, died at Grand Traverse, Michigan,

Robert Charles, born at Pontiac, Oakland County, Michigan, where he died.

Oscar A. Stevens, who married Emily (referred to above,) was for many years the General Manager of the Washington and Alexandria Railroad.]

All of the daughters of L.I.Stevens have children, two of them have five each, while the other has but one.

And now I come to the youngest of the three brothers, Jacob, who was the father of ten of us who grew to be adults, while three others died young. I propose to give a sketch of each of the ten, commencing with the eldest, Sister Jemima. I will, however, first revert to the fact that our Father, having a desire to give to each child at least a hundred acres of land on their becoming of age, found it necessary to sell his

farm in Lima, already sub-divided, and strike out once more into the primitive forest. He did so and purchased a tract of land six miles south of Rochester, in the town of Henrietta, where he again commenced the Herculean task of clearing a heavily-timbered farm. The three eldest sons were by this time capable of doing farm work, and so long as they remained at home, were helpful, and in a year or two had two hundred acres ready for a crop. The chopping down and burning up of the immense trees on this land was but a part of the work attending the clearing of land. The ashes had to be gathered, put through great tubs, water poured on it, and its strength extracted and boiled into potash. The sale of the potash was an important factor in paying for the hired help in clearing. But the work was hard, and as the first crop of wheat harvested brought, after hauling it to Rochester, but three and one-fourth cents per bushel, was not very remunerative. Some of the boys began to be restive, and thought of leaving the parental roof.

Horatio was the first to leave home. He secured a position with C.K.Gussy & Company, who kept a general merchandise store in Lima, and made himself so useful that after three of four years, one of the partners, Frederick Bushnell, furnished the necessary capital to start him in a business at Le Roy, which he conducted successfully for several years, and while living there, married Harriet, the [illegible] of James Benson.

He left Le Roy to join Augustus in Canada, who had by this time also left the farm, and whose career I propose narrating in its proper place. He was then executing an extensive contract on the Rideau Canal in Canada. Horatio quit business in Le Roy and moved his family to Poolamalee, a point on the Rideau River about seventy-five miles above Ottawa, which was then known as "By-town." He remained in Poolamalee until their contracts upon the Canal were completed, and returned to the States, with a capital of about Eighty Thousand Dollars, and settled in Buffalo. This occurred in 1832. Buffalo was at that time just starting its active commercial career. Benjamin Rathburn was employing two or three thousand men in his gigantic building enterprise, the city was full of people on their way West to buy land and to settle. There was but one Bank whose circulation would pass current fifty miles away from its place of issue and the buying and selling of uncurrent money was a prosperous calling. He, in casting about for a safe business in which to employ his capital, concluded to embark in it.

Before opening an office, he wrote his youngest brother, Sherman, the writer of this, then living in Saginaw in Michigan, saying if he would leave the Indian trade and join him in Buffalo, he would give him an interest in the business. Sherman concluded to do so, and they opened an office on Main Street, next door to the Mansion House, and for two years did a large

and profitable business. In 1854 the junior partner chose to get married against the wish and advice of Horatio, and was told that if he did so, the partnership must cease. The answer of the junior was, "let it cease," and it did cease.

In the meantime, Horatio found it inconvenient to conduct the business alone and withdrew from it, and commenced the building of a steamer called the "Milwaukee." He got his steamer nearly completed when his money ran out, and he made a contract with a steamer captain of means, to furnish the funds to complete and furnish the boat; he, the captain, to command and sail her, until the profit paid him back the advance interest and salary. At the end of the season's navigation, notwithstanding she had been back with passengers every trip, the indebtedness had been increased instead of diminished. He became satisfied that his captain was robbing him, and by some process of law got the boat put into the hands of a receiver,- got the receiver to appoint him as purser, and with two or three trips, the profits paid all the indebtedness, and she was free. The steamer continued in the Chicago and Milwaukee trade for some years. In the meantime Horatio moved to Milwaukee, built the first pier ever erected there, and he and his sons, now old enough, conducted a large produce commission business. Horatio, finding the asthma troublesome in Milwaukee, concluded to leave his second son George there, and he, with his other boys, went to Brooklyn to reside, and died

there, leaving three sons and three daughters. John, the eldest, for some time carried on the milling business in Westchester County, but finding it did not pay much, and having a large family of boys, concluded to try farming in Old Virginia. He purchased a large tract of land, and when he came to sell his crops at the end of the year, he was some hundreds behind, and was compelled to leave his family and return to New York, and act as book-keeper in an insurance office, to square his accounts. Since then his boys have gone into business— one in Boston and two in Florida— and are on the road to success. George continued to do business in Milwaukee up to the time of his death. He had a farm a few miles out, at one time stocked with celebrated trotting stock, but more recently given up to a dairy business, and supervised by his widow.

I intended to have narrated the careers of the members leaving the home of our parents as they occurred, and I am not sure but the eldest sister was married before Horatio left home. She married Samuel B. Perkins, a small farmer in the town of Henrietta,-where they lived for some years. About 1826, they got the Western fever, sold out, and went to Michigan. He prospected the country at a time when he could have had his choice of the most desirable lands in three counties but purchased a farm about twelve miles out of Detroit, on the Pontiac Road, which was really the most miserable, sandy spot he could have found had he been in search of poor land.

He put in and harvested one crop, and it yielded but little more than the seed sown, which so disgusted him with Michigan that he sold his land for about enough to take him and family back to New York State. He settled again in Orleans Co., where they raised three sons and one daughter. The eldest son was for a time a merchant in Albion,- afterward went to Milwaukee, where he died. The daughter married, and the last I know of her she was living near Lock Port, New York. Another son went to Kansas, and all I know of him is that he married, and raised a son, who is a lawyer, now practicing in California.

The next one to leave home was Augustus C. He had made up his mind to seek for fortune in the West, but before he could do so he was obliged to seek for ways and means to pay expenses. Our Father had been educated before leaving NewEngland and consequently the children were all tolerably well up in what school examiners called the "three rule:" reading, writing, and arithmetic. These accomplishments, together with the physical strength to whip the big boys, fitted a man to teach the District School, in those days. Augustus offered himself, and was accepted.

Many of the pupils were about the same age as the teacher had worked with him on the farm and slept in the same hay mow, and were congratulating themselves on having a high old time with the new master. Before opening school, Augustus had

prepared and engraved a set of rules that he proposed the scholars should be governed by, and pasted them up for all to see and obey. He rapped upon his desk to call the school to order, and called their attention to those rules. He then commenced the reading of an elaborate address he had prepared, when one of the big boys, who had worked with him in the hay field, and slept with him in the hay mow, sung out: "Hang on to the pegs, Guss." This interruption of his speech, the perpetrator expected, would confuse and embarrass him, as it referred to an episode that occurred while they were sleeping in the barn. There was no ladder to enable them to get up on to the mow, but they went up by the aid of pins, driven into the big posts, which were about three feet apart. One dark night, Augustus had occasion to come down those pins, and for some mysterious reason, after getting part way down, could not find the next pin for a foot-hold, and was compelled to halloo for help. But the interruption did not stagger him so badly but what he went through with it. He then called the offender up and gave him a severe castigating,- which was a new way ofopening a school. He remembered it during the term. It was so prompt and effective that order reigned throughout the Winter, and parents and pupils were well satisfied with the teacher. When the school closed, he found himself in sufficient funds to enable him to start upon the road he hoped would lead on to fortune.

I can remember the excitement his leave-taking caused Mother and sisters. He had made a kind of knapsack, in which he packed his slim wardrobe, some bread, cheese, and a part of a boiled ham. He slung it upon his back, and started to foot it to the State of Ohio, which was, at that time, considered the extreme West.

In about two weeks we received his first letter,- postage twenty-five cents,- nearly the value of a bushel of wheat, and not one of the family considered it dear, as it assured us he was still alive and well, and of his arrival at Orlean Point,- which he called the "jumping off place," as he was there to take to the water.

He there embarked upon a flat boat, bound down the Monongahela and Ohio Rivers, on which he worked for his board and passage. We next heard from him in about a month later when he had arrived at a little hamlet that has since become the city of Marietta; there finding a job at splitting nails, he concluded to tarry for a time. In this letter he gave a graphic account of an opossum hunt which excited our wonder, and somewhat our fear, as we knew not their size or ferocity. But he assured us of their cunning, and that they would play dead until an opportunity for escape occurred, when they would up and off, as well as ever. He remained at this point, splitting nails in the day time, and hunting opossum in the evenings with the boys, until he had made the acquaintance of most of the people in the

settlement, when he announced himself as a school teacher. He was at once hired, and set to work. His single term in Henrietta had given him confidence in himself, and his six feet, two inches, and well-proportioned figure, overawed the unruly, to an extent before unknown in that school, and the parents of the pupils looked upon him as a treasure.

He remained in Marietta until letters from home advised him that our father, finding himself getting shorthanded for so large a place, had sold or exchanged his farm in Henrietta for a smaller one at Palmyra. He then gave up his school and came back home, in season to aid in the transfer of the family and effects to the new home.

After the family were settled in Palmyra, he, by splitting rails and teaching school for a year or more, had accumulated more actual coin than our father had been able to save in several years of farming, with wheat, which was the principal crop, not averaging over three and a fourth cents per bushel. He very naturally concluded to look to some other occupation for a livelihood. In the meantime, the eldest brother, Rufus, came also to the conclusion that farming for profit in Central New York was hopeless. Michigan Territory had by this time begun to be the Mecca of the uneasy and ambitious, and he started out to make his fortune, but I will leave him until I finish the career of Augustus C.

Our home was near the village of Palmyra, and a law firm

of some eminence, wanted a clerk, or a student they could use for a clerk, and Augustus accepted the situation and remained there for about a year, and I have no doubt the year spent there was of service to him in after life. I can remember his telling, years afterwards, of how humiliated he was by being laughed at by the gentlemen, for a lapsus linguae he was guilty of. He was asked if a certain door was closed, and he answered "Yes, I shot it myself." He was not aware of his mistake, until enquired of if he had killed it.

About this time, Rufus returned from Michigan, after having purchased a tract of land near Pontiac, in Oakland County, and he gave such glowing accounts of the country that our Father was again induced to sell out a farm already made, and for the third time in his life, do battle with a primitive forest.

About the first of August, 1832, the family and effects were loaded on to covered wagons and started for Buffalo. There were of us: Father and Mother, Rufus, Augustus, Eunice, Martha, Sherman, Elizabeth, and Emily.

On our arrival in Buffalo, the steamer Rufus had gone up and returned upon--in fact--the only steamer up to that time ever launched upon the Lake, had been cast away the week before our arrival, and we must either travel four or five hundred miles by land, or take a sailing vessel. There were no sailing vessels of any considerable size, none larger than

those now used as coasters for short voyages; but we finally embarked horses, wagons, and all on a little schooner called the "Lady of the Lake." She was commanded by Captain Walker, who, in after years, sailed and built some of the finest passenger boats sailing from Buffalo.

We coasted along the South Shore, touching at all the ports, not one of them more than an embryo village. We reached Detroit on the ninth day, and hired a small house that was then quite above what was then the town, but is now near the city's center. Here the family remained while a house was being built on the land purchased by Rufus.

In the meantime, Augustus, whose career I am trying to follow, joined a party and rode through the forest to Saginaw, on horseback. On his return, he told us of the numerous Indians, the beautiful lakes and rivers he had seen,—but he evidently did not see half as much that was wonderful as Détouille saw in his visit there ten years later. Augustus saw nothing in Michigan at that time to induce him to remain, and soon returned to the East. He did not return to the law, but went into a mercantile house, I think in Rochester, but am not sure at all events, soon after he was merchandising in that city on his own account. He lasted as a merchant but a year or so, and had to quit, some three thousand dollars in debt. His next venture was the taking of a contract on a canal near Oswego. He was also unsuccessful in that enterprise and was

more or less in debt, but his creditors in each case were confident of his integrity, and were willing to back him in any undertaking where industry, fair jnugment, and a faculty to control men, would win.

About this time, the British Government were advertising contracts for the Rideau Canal, starting from the Ottawa River and ending at Kingston on Lake Ontario. Augustus went to Bytown, made the acquaintance of Colby and other officers of the army, under whose supervision the work was to be done, and by his commanding address and gentlemanly bearing, made himself so popular with them that they awarded him a contract for a very large work, and were unquestionably not over particular as to the responsibility of his bondsmen. He was, at all events, notwithstanding his two failures, able to give such bonds as were satisfactory, and at once commenced the work. At the close of the season, when the weather became too inclement for work, the engineer's estimate of the work done enabled him to draw several thousand dollars over and above all expenses for labor and material. The work on the canal was all paid for in American half-dollars. He purchased a pair of Canadian trotting ponies, harnessed them to a French carryall sleigh, put into it several kegs of half-dollars, crossed the St.lawrence into Ogdensburg, and drove from there to Oswego, then drove from place to place where any of his liabilities were held, and as fast as one keg was exhausted he would

knock in the head of another, until all were paid,-principal and interest. He then drove to Rochester and did the same thing there, and I can remember hearing him say that the two days spent in paying his debts, were among the happiest of his life. But he did not stop at paying his debts, but before returning, journeyed three hundred miles through Canada to pay a debt of filial duty, and to see if his parents and sisters required any portion of his half-dollars for their comfort. His visit to our isolated home in mid-winter, clothed from head to foot in the finest of otter fur, was an epoch in our lives, and was long the theme of conversation. He returned to Canada, and for two or three years worked from three to four hunared men. In the meantime, he had taken another contract at Polemaise, which was managed by Horatio, out of which as I have already said he accumulated something over Eighty thousand dollars. I am unable to state the length of time he was engaged in this work, but I know the fact that he finished the work by the Fall of 1861, as I happened to be there on a visit about the time he commenced to close up the business. While I was there, he was for a time absent, and when he returned, he brought with him a wife,- having married Miss Elizabeth Breese, a daughter of Sidney S. Breese, Esquire, of Seconondoa, Oneida County, New York. I thought her the most beautiful woman I had ever seen, and I visited her but a few days ago, at the homestead where Augustus was fortunate enough

to find her, and I have only to ask of her age and I can say the same thing yet.

After closing up his contracts, he returned to the States purchased a farm at Batavia, in those days known as the Otto place. While living there, his first son, Sidney A., was born. He remained in Batavia but two or three years,- sold his farm to John Clifford, who, for some years, had been his master-mason, and lock-builder on the canal jobs. He then went to Buffalo, where he lived some years;- was engaged in banking, operating in real estate, etc. About the year 1837 his health began to fail, but he lost none of his energy for business, and his mind was as active as ever. The whole country, about this time, was undergoing one of those periodic seasons of panic and depression; banks throughout the whole country suspended payment; sovereign states failed to pay interest upon their bonds, and the shrinkage in value of property was so great, that it materially affected his income. He was then the owner of a property at Flint, Genesee County, Michigan, and notwithstanding his poor health, concluded to leave Buffalo, and remove to that place and utilize it. He had not been in Michigan long before he found himself unable to walk, in consequence of some spinal affection that affected locomotion, but he had a wheel-chair made, in which he rolled himself about the village, and supervised a mill, a mercantile house, and varied building operations, and was the most ener-

getic business man in the village. I have no data to enable me to be exact as to the length of time he carried on business at Flint.

In the meantime, he had now a family of three boys and one daughter. The boys, while quite young, were pupils of the District School, but soon were sent East, and fitted for college at Cazenovia, New York. The eldest, Sidney Augustus, after leaving school, choosing a business life rather than a professional one, apprenticed himself to a mercantile house in New York City and remained there until 1854, when he joined a cousin, Sidney Roby, and for a time transacted an extensive hardware business in the city of Rochester, New York. I was myself at this time spending most of the time in the mines of California, and found it difficult to keep track of his whereabouts, but I next heard of him as a manufacturer of farming implements at Brockport, New York; and I think it was somewhere near 1855 that I returned from California and found him in Newark, New Jersey, making patent leather. Some years later, I returned again from California, and not having heard from him for some years, did not know where to find him. Some of his cousins suggested he might be in Philadelphia. My business taking me there, I made inquiries for him, and was directed to an office with the name of "Stevens & Tibbitts" upon the sign. I went in, and was informed that my nephew was then in Canada, putting up gas works in Toronto. I returned to

California, and had not met him until recently for upwards of twenty years. I know not how many enterprises and industries he had been engaged in, that I do not mention, but during a delightful visit of a week that I recently made at his home in Rochester, I found him full of business appertaining to gas, and full of faith that it would, ere long, be used for heating purposes as well as light. I find he has a son who is a practicing lawyer, who is married and has two children, and therefore the Sidney I knew as an infant is a grandfather. Sidney has been twice married. His first wife was the daughter of E. B. Holmes, of Brockport, New York. Two of her children are living,—the lawyer, mentioned above, and a daughter, now in Germany, pursuing musical and art studies. By his present wife, he has two little ones, a girl and a boy.

Of the career of the children of Augustus C., the next in order is that of the second son, J.Breese, who, after leaving the high school at Cazenovia, completed his studies at Hamilton College, and after graduating, commenced to read law in the office of N.P.Graves, and after being admitted to practice settled in Michigan, Wisconsin, where I find him today in the enjoyment not only of wealth, but the respect and good-will of all its citizens. He has not only a large law practice but the supervision and management of two immense Land Companies, whose holdings aggregate Eight hundred thousand acres, and has still found time to serve the city as Mayor, and more than one

of the citizens have told me that he would have been made Governor of the State, if he would have allowed his name to be used. He has been twice married,—a daughter of the first wife, about sixteen, and also a daughter by the present wife, of six summers, living together in harmony, and a happy home.

Next to J.Breese comes Charles, who, I think, was also a graduate of Hamilton College. He commenced the study of law in the office of Governor Fenton of Flint, Genesee County, Michigan, and, I think, was admitted to practice there, but he soon removed to Syracuse and formed a partnership with Andrews, who has, for many years, been a practitioner in that city. Charles, in addition to law business, was for some years School Superintendent at that place. He has two grown up children—one a son and the other a daughter, both of whom are married. The daughter in the City of New York, and the son in business at Marquette, in upper Michigan.

Helen, the only daughter of Augustus C., has for many years been a widow, having married a gentleman by the name of Sanford, and is now living in the homestead at Canandaigua with her mother. This home of the Mother and Helen Sanford is embowered in shade and furnished with all the luxuries of country life; fruit, flowers, and vegetables in the garden;horses and carriages for riding, Jersey cows that provide the cream and the butter,—and the joyous welcome vouchsafed to the sons and daughters and the grandchildren by the Mother, Sister and

Aunty, make a paradise for the reunion of the several families.

The next one whose career I propose to follow is Sister Eunice, who is next oldest of the children of our Father and Mother, whom , as I already stated, was one of the eight that were landed in Detroit by the little schooner, the "Lady of the Lake." As soon as a house was made habitable on the land, the eldest Brother had located near Pontiac. They embarked again in wagons, and slowly make their way through the forest back of Detroit. A roadway was cut just wide enough for a wagon, and if by chance trees were met, the axe was put in requisition, to increase its width. After two days hard driving, the twenty-five miles was accomplished, and the family arrived at what they had to call home,—a house made of logs with bark still on them, about twenty by twenty-four feet one story, and a garret. A fireplace was made across one end about ten feet wide,- over this a chimney, made of thin split sticks laid up in clay mortar, then plastered over inside and out, to prevent taking fire. The back of the chimney was a stone wall for about six feet in height, with jambs on each side built up about six feet, on which the chimney of sticks rested. A crane of iron was hung in the jamb on one side, with long and short pot hooks on which to hang the pots and the kettles. A tin reflector to set before the fireplace did the baking, and a long-handled frying pan for frying, together constituted the cook stove and furniture. This probably seemed

a little rough to our Mother and Sisters but I have no recollection of hearing any complaints, nor do I remember to have witnessed any evidence of unhappiness among them. All were cheerful and helpful, and disposed to make the best of everything. The upper floor constituted the bed-rooms of the five Sisters. The stair-case to reach them was a ladder only, but by spreading a carpet and a curtain here and there, they soon pronounced it a boudoir. A bedstead was put up in the two corners of the main room, away from the fireplace, one of which was for our Father and Mother, and the other was for Brother Rufus and the writer. When this work was accomplished, we were settled, and ready for work. Brother Rufus, before returning to Palmyra, had cleared and ploughed about ten acres, and planted it to corn and potatoes. This crop was to be harvested. The corn was first cut up at the root, hauled up to the house, and set up beside the fence. Sisters Eunice, Martha and Charlotte declared that they, with my help, could husk it, while Father and Rufus were digging the potatoes, and building stables and sheds to house our horses and cows. Although it was a new enterprise to attempt men's work, they went at it without gloves, and as I now remember their work, but for the fact that Sister Eunice insisted some one of the three should read aloud from some interesting and instructive book while the rest husked corn, they made good hands.

One would naturally suppose that the making of one such

a settlement as I have tried to describe, would discourage any one from desiring to repeat the undertaking, but our Father and Brother Rufus found, in the course of a year or so, that they had chosen, comparatively, a poor farm; that twenty-five miles farther on, and that much farther from civilization, they could get heavily-timbered land, such as our Father had been waging war with from the time he left Vermont. The land was all vacant to the North,- and a pack trail had been cut out through to Saginaw. Troops were there building a fort, having been sent there by water, and officers and soldiers were coming through, from time to time, and their reports of the richly timbered land twenty-five miles farther North, induced my Father and Brother to go out and examine it. After doing so, they determined to sell out at the first opportunity and locate at Grand Blanc, where but a few years before, the Grand Blanc Indians had resided. They were still living but a little to the West of the locality, but were considered inoffensive and friendly. Father and Brother soon afterwards camped upon the ground, and commenced to cut logs for another house. These Indians came daily to see them, offered, without asking, to come and help to raise the house, and in every way were as kind and friendly as more civilized neighbors could have been. When the house was made habitable once more the family embarked in the wagons and rolled into the wilderness, the writer of this following, driving the cows and pigs

that had been purchased to stock our first Michigan home. Our progress was necessarily slow—an occasional bridge to make—a tree to cut out, etc. We, however, made about half the distance and camped at what was known as the Big Spring, a favorite camping place of the Indians, which had been so long used by them as a stopping place, that about a half-acre had become seeded to grass, and had been so closely fed down by their ponies, as to have made a very pretty lawn. A fire was started by our Brother Rufus,(not with the aid of a match, which did not come into use for years after,) but with flint and steel and a bit of decayed maple wood called 'punk" by some, and by others, "spunk." Which was correct, I never learned, but I did learn that it was necessary to keep it dry, as well as powder. Over this fire hung the tea-kettle, and the Mother and Sisters prepared and served our supper, then spread the beds and blankets upon the lawn, preparatory to spending their first night in the open air. Not a complaint was uttered by any, all seemed jolly and contented with the surroundings, and I thought it the most desirable and delightful bedroom I had ever occupied. The moon was shining brightly and the stars were out in all their glory, while our camp fire cast its shadows among the trees, until it seemed a perfect fairy land. We all slept soundly until nearly daylight, when we were awakened by a serenade by a band,—not an instrumental band,—but a band of wolves. This unlooked for honor started the younger mem-

bers of the family who clung close to Father and Mother, until Brother Rufus replenished the fire, and assured us that wolves were afraid of fire.

After breakfasting, we started again upon our journey, and before night reached the new home, where we found some of our Indian neighbors, who, having heard through a hunter that we were on the way, came over to welcome us, bringing a saddle of the choicest venison, and some baskets of wild strawberries, which were then in season.

All soon settled down to work, determined to make the new home as comfortable and pleasant as possible. To me it seemed a costly paradise. I soon became the owner of my first gun. The woods were full of game,—a lake near by was full of fish. I soon became affiliated with the Indian boys, learned their language almost intuitively, and every day that I could be spared from work upon the farm was given up to sport with Indian boys, with either gun or bow and arrow accompaniment; while to the elder Sisters, I have no doubt this isolation from society and friends was irksome. They, however, made no complaints, but one by one, as fast as opportunity occurred, engaged in teaching in the settlements. Sister Eunice, whose fortune I should have narrated ere this, was the first to leave the Grand Blanc home. She was called to teach the village school at Pontiac, by this time grown to be a village of one or two hundred people; but she finally became ambitious for

a larger field of usefulness and went East and established a boarding school for young ladies at Avon Springs, in Genessee County, New York. Here she taught for some years, and was patronized by some of the best families of the region. She finally made the mistake of her life in allowing herself to be courted and married by a widower, who, when he came courting, drove an elegantly matched team, and talked to her of her hard, laborious life of teaching and how much pleasanter she would be situated, with comparatively little to do but ride behind his bays, and enjoy herself. She must have discovered his bucolic nature, but probably hoped by her influence to be able to change somewhat his mode of life. They were married, and within a month thereafter the matched bays were sold, their proceeds invested in milch cows for a dairy, and poor Eunice given to understand that it was her business to make the milk of twenty cows into butter and cheese, and to look after a large household, with ne'er a hired servant to aid her in the work. She, to my knowledge, never complained, but the task was so Herculean that a few years carried her to her grave. She left a daughter, who married early in life,—I have no doubt to avoid a life of slavery. I am unable to give her name, or whereabouts, if alive.

The next Sister to leave the Grand Blanc home was Martha, who also commenced life as a school teacher. She taught in several districts in Oakland County, Michigan, and at a pio-

neers' meeting which I attended in February 1895, at Pontiac, I was told by quite a number of old ladies and gentlemen that over sixty years ago they were pupils of my Sister Martha. She, after a time, also went East, to visit our eldest Sister in Orleans County. She also married a widower, with two little boys. His name was Philip Nichols. He was a Christian and a gentleman, and made his home a happy home for wife and children. He was for some years engaged in business in Medina, Orleans County, New York, but removed from there to Wisconsin, and died at Watertown. His children, all but one daughter, married, and left home, I think before his death. Our Sister Martha, at the age of seventy-nine years, (and in the enjoyment of health and all her faculties,) is still living in the homestead at Watertown, with the unmarried daughter Emily. One son, Henry, died in Milwaukee. Two are now in Chicago,—daily operators at the Board of Trade. One daughter married a Mr.Britt of Milwaukee so many years ago that there is a daughter of hers of marriageable age, while the Mother has been dead some years. Still another daughter married a Mr.Lightbody. They are now residents at La Crosse, Wisconson. Sister Martha, although seventy-nine years of age, is furnished by her sons with a yearly pass over the C.M.& St.P.R.R.,and she often visits them, without requiring an escort to aid her.

I have now traced the career of all of those of our family who had, in the parlance of the Bee farmer, "swarmed,"—or,

in other words, left.

The next one, Sister Charlotte, also left home to teach a school in Oakland County, and some years after, I think about 1840, married at my house in Pontiac, D.M.Winslale, and lived with him until 1871, when he died, while on their way to California. They had one daughter, Katy, who is now in Paris, France, engaged in missionary work, and who is a member of the McCall Mission, and said to be doing much good. Charlotte died in Brooklyn, in January 1883.

The parental roof, up to the time that we were fairly settled at Grand Blanc and living in peace and harmony with our neighbors, the Grand Blanc Indians,

If I am to continue this history, the next in order will be to write of the career of myself, the youngest son. As my life has been somewhat wild and eventful, I would have preferred to have had it described by others rather than by myself, lest in narrating the incidents and excitements I have been an actor in, I may be thought an egotist, but as I am, as it were, the "last of the Mohicans," must do it myself, if it is done at all.

As I have already stated, I soon learned the Indian language so perfectly as to be able to understand and appreciate the yarns and stories of their professional story-tellers,one of which was to be found in almost every village. When I was

a boy of twelve years of age, I frequently spent two or three days at a time visiting the boys of my own age at the lodge of Shenocabonissie, the Chief of the Grand Blancs. During the day, some half-dozen youngsters would start out with bow and a quiver holding a dozen arrows, and with these, gratify the juvenile propensity to gamble, instead of playing marbles to keep. The leader or captain of the party had an arrow that was used as the target. He would shoot that target arrow any distance or direction he chose; then each of us would endeavor to place one of our arrows as near as possible to the extreme butt end of this target, the rule being that the owner of the arrow nearest the target was winner of the one the farthest off. Then the arrow would be fired from the bow again, sometimes over a knoll or fallen tree so as to be entirely out of sight, thus giving a chance to the novice, as well as to the expert. In this way we would sometimes travel all day, and at night go to the lodge, one or two lucky ones owning all the arrows. At night all would assemble at the lodge of the novelist, and listen to the tales of the chase, of war, and of supernatural beings, told with dramatic gestures and effect. I have listened to these tales until the wee small hours with as rapt attention as I read Cooper. In these excursions through woods we would frequently encounter game to which we would give our attention—rabits, woodchucks, pigeons, partrides, etc.—and could almost always find enough to kill to

[illegible] with a mid-day meal. The skins and feathers were taken off the game, a fire improvised with flint and steel, the game roasted upon a skewer and without salt, and this furnished a lunch I have yet to taste the equal of. I have already said the woods were full of game,—some of it desirable, but there was also a superabundance of wolves which were not desirable, but, on the contrary, very troublesome.

We had brought with us a coop of fowls from Pontiac, built a log house for them to roost in, and they soon began to produce eggs; but, ere a week had elapsed, there came one night a wolf, and by some means got the door open and killed all but the old Rooster. It was a sad loss, and we could see no way to utilize the rooster until my Indian friends suggested that it was possible the wolf would be so well pleased with the taste of tame poultry as to induce him to come back for more, and proposed to lend me a steel trap to capture him. The territory and the county were paying five dollars each, as bounty for their destruction. I cut a hole through the logs near the place where the old rooster spent his lonely night, but only big enough for a wolf to stick his nose through, then set the trap where the wolf must put his foot in it, if he came prospecting for more chickens. The second night after setting the trap, just before day, we heard the rattling of the chain attached to it, and concluded we were to get some satisfaction for the loss of our fowls. As soon as it was light

enough to see, we went out, and found an enormous gray wolf endeavoring to gnaw his own leg off above the trap. As we approached him, he gave up, like a whipped cur, and allowed us to knock him on the head. We despoiled him of his scalp, to present to the proper officer, to obtain the certificate entitling us to the bounty, and then felt we had balanced the account with wolf number one.

It was not long after this when the varmints again despoiled us of our property. We heard a terrific squealing in a field in front of the house and on looking out, saw a wolf with his teeth fast in the throat of our only hog. I was the only one at the house who could use a gun, and the only gun loaded was a little shot gun, charged with bird shot. I, however, went for him, and so long as I had defense between us felt as bold as a lion, and yet I am clear to this day that my hair was a little stiff. I was only fourteen, and this was my first wolf, without a trap on his foot.

Grand Blanc was seven miles from where the trail to Saginaw crossed the Flint, at which point, at the time of which I write, there was a little log hut, in which a man by the name of Jacob Smith kept whiskey and a few goods to see to Indians. Soon after we began plowing at Grand Blanc, we broke a yoke, and had no auger suitable to make a new one. I was put upon a pony, and sent to see if I could not procure one of Mr. Smith. On my way down, I shot a dozen or more pigeons, and on arriv-

ing, I found the river's bank full of Indians, having a general powwow. One of the men, seeing my game, told me he had been having a three days' drunk, and he must have my pigeons to make some Naboloe (which is Chippewa for soup) I demurred to this proposition, as I was a little proud of my string of birds and desired to take them home. He, however, insisted he must have Naboloe, and as I started for my pony, which I had left at the farm a hundred yards above, he got hold with one hand of my string of birds, while I also had hold of them. The trail up which we were going ran along the margin of the river, the bank being from four to six feet above the water. Presently I got him between me and the bank, then suddenly ran against him with all the force I could bring to bear, and tumbled him over into the stream. I did not wait to see whether he got out, but the squaws and the sober Indians fairly shouted with laughter at Qessicgut's failure to obtain a free lunch. I mounted my pony with my pigeons intact, and arrived home safely. I had some misgivings on the subject, lest I may have made an enemy of Qessicgut, but when I next met him, he was perfectly friendly, and acknowledged he had received but his just deserts.

The next time I had occasion to visit this locality some three years later, a few people had begun to settle at Saginaw; among them, Colonel David Stanard, who had started a farm on the Tittabawassie, a few miles above Saginaw City. He removed

there from Detroit, at which place he had left his only daughter at school. She, becoming anxious to join her parents got as far as Grand Blanc on her way, and there learned that the rivers were unfordable and the roads impassible. I volunteered to take her down the Flint in a canoe. The journey was too long to accomplish in a day, and there was not a house on the route for a hundred miles;—I was about sixteen, and Miss Stanard about the same age, therefore, a manifest impropriety in our camping on the journey alone. Sister Eunice, at that time at home, volunteered to accompany us on horseback from Grand Blanc to the Flint, and there camp with us; she to return home, while Miss Stanard and I embarked for the voyage as soon as it was light enough to see. We made the Flint in good season, and in looking for accommodations for our party, the best we could find was along side of a fallen tree, near where is now an iron bridge, spanning the river, and the centre of a busy city of ten thousand inhabitants.

Miss Stanard and myself started down the river and Sister Eunice for Grand Blanc with the horses at daylight. We made our way down the Flint to its junction with the Shiawassie, then down the Shiawassie to its junction with the Tittanawassie, and up the latter seven miles before sunset, a distance of a hundred miles, and I have since claimed it the quickest voyage on record, and that I was the first white man or boy to navigate those rivers. Miss Stanard afterwards became the wife of

Morgan L. Drake, a prominent lawyer of Oakland County, and she lived and died in Pontiac.

As my mind reverts to this by-gone time, incidents occur to my memory that at the time were exciting, but may not interest the present generation. At the time of which I write, there was opposite Detroit, in Canada, an agency of the British Government, that furnished all the Indians living on the peninsular of Michigan with an annual outfit of everything they were supposed to require in their mode of life. To an adult male, a rifle with powder and balls for a year's supply; a three-point Mackinaw blanket, tomahawk, scalping knife, etc. To the women and children, articles in kind, suitable to their wants, were furnished; but to receive these articles, it was necessary for each recipient to be personally present. This contingency involved an annual pilgrimage of all the Indians to Canada, and of course all living North of us had to pass our house, going and returning. We had been so well used by our neighbors, the Grand Blancs, that we had but little dread of any others. It was no uncommon circumstance for hundreds of them to camp about our house of a night;— on one occasion, the band of Saginaws, whose Chief was a powerful man, noted for ferocity among his subjects, and had, himself, with knife and tomahawk, summarily executed some of his tribe for offences against his laws. When he would camp there, with a hundred or two of his braves, we did not acknowledge any fear, but

were always glad when they left.

They were there at one time when, just before night, some of the youngsters discovered a bee tree that I had already found and had put our mark upon it, and was waiting the proper season to cut it down and remove the portion containing the bees and honey to the house, in order to save the swarms it might produce. The boys had the tree nearly down before we were aware of it, but Brother Rufus rushed out in time to drive them off before it fell. He then induced the old Chief to go to the tree, and showed him our mark. He at once ordered the boys to leave, but at the same time told Rufus the boys had a sweet tooth, and it would be well to keep an eye open for them. In the night, some of us heard the tree fall. Rufus now armed himself with a club, but before he reached the fallen tree they had opened a hole into the honey, and were so persistent that he was compelled to knock some of them over with his club. We were a little fearful of retaliation, but the old Chief told the boys they were served just right,—that it was the white man's tree as much as his horse was his own, as it was marked, showing the priority of discovery. This old Chief, Kishacoko, was soon after this occurrence arrested for killing one of his band in the city of Detroit, and imprisoned. Disgusted with confinement, he took poison, and died in jail. In a drunken row an Indian had used his knife too freely and killed a comrade. A council had been held by

the friends of the killed and the killer, and agreement made to settle the damages; and as the payment was about to be made, old Kishacaco walked up to the murderer with his tomahawk in his hand, and with a single blow killed him dead. The parties expecting compensation complained, and declared it contrary to Indian law, which allowed of such offenses being compromised, by agreed compensation. The old Chief, with much dignity, informed them that the law was changed.

I return to the bee tree, in order to state the wonderful results. We nailed a board over the hole made by the boys into the honey, sawed off the tree above and below the bees, hauled it upon a sled to the house, and set it up in our yard. At the end of the first year we had saved four swarms from it, and at the end of the third year, we had fifty hives of bees, and had furnished more or less to neighbors, who had by this time begun to settle about us. I have no doubt but that that swarm are the progenitors of all the bees now in Genesee County, although the relation to some of them is remote, as that swarm was found in our yard over sixty years ago.

I am of the opinion that that region, in those days, came as near flowing with milk and honey as any other. It was so abundant, that barrels full of strained honey, stood in our cellar until it candied so solid that it had to be cut out in blocks. The beeswax was made into candles, and we had no other light. Our Indian neighbors were serious without honey

taken from trees in the forest. I have known an Indian boy to find twenty bee trees in a day. They hunt them in the months of March and April, while there is still snow upon the ground. The first warm days the bees do their house cleaning. Dead bees, moths, and everything interfering with their ideas of neatness is tumbled out, and readily seen upon the snow.

I find that I am digressing, and not progressing with our history, so I will now relate my first speculation, or business venture, which occurred about 1826.

Our eldest brother had married. We had divided the farm and stock, creating two interests instead of one,—had built another house, and were, in fact, two families.

It was winter, and the cattle were feeding at a hay stack put into a square pen made of logs, some of which were so far apart that a cow got her horns fast between them and was hooked down by the herd, and died. As I have already said, the country was full of wolves, and I wanted the carcass of this dead cow for wolf bait. Rufus wanted her for the same purpose. I offered him fifteen dollars for her, although she was, when alive, worth but ten. He finally accepted the offer. When she was divested of her hide, I hitched a pair of oxen to her horns and snaked her through the brush to the margin of a tamarack swamp, drove stakes through the carcass, fastening her firmly to the ground, then set half a dozen steel traps, that we kept on hand to sell to the Indians, on

all sides of her. I went out the next morning, following the trail I had made, smelling the carcase, and I soon saw from the tracks that my invitation had been accepted. As I approached the swamp, I could hear the rattle of chains, the clink of steel, and the cracking of brush, in all directions. It seemed to me that the swamp was full of wolves, dragging traps. I found and killed five full-grown gray wolves, whose scalps were worth fifty dollars; and with this same bait, I afterwards got three more wolves, two foxes, and a lynx, so that my first speculation was quite a success, considering it had but a dead cow for its basis.

Lest I forget it, I will here add an historical fact that may not be generally known. The wolves in Northern Michigan continued so abundant that it was impossible to raise sheep up to 1831 or 1832. About that time, the smallpox prevailed among the Indians; who, when one of them was taken, would abandon the sick one, and flee to some other locality. The sick one, after using up all the water left for him, would crawl down to the creek and die there, and be eaten by wolves. After that, the wolves all disappeared, and were unquestionably poisoned by the food on which they had fed.

I was, by this time, about sixteen, and had not seen a school for years, nor had I come in contact with those from whom much was to be learned save my elder sisters, but I began

to realize the necessity for some knowledge of the world and civilization and such education as was taught in their schools. I suggested to my parents the propriety of my attending a school in Detroit, for a term, and although I was much needed at home, being the interpreter of the family, and manager in general of our intercourse with our Indian neighbors, it was decided that I could go, if ways and means could be provided. Although I was in possession of certificates entitling me to seventy-five dollars for wolves I had destroyed, they were not available until the taxes were collected and paid into the treasuries. Therefore, I must find some place where the work I could do out of school hours would compensate some one for my board and lodging. My Mother prepared my wearing wardrobe, the best she could,-making for me a coat, of which I was rather proud. It was made out of an Indian blanket, and colored with the bark of a butternut tree. The bark I had stripped from the tree myself and helped to boil it down to extract the coloring matter, and when the blanket was immersed in it, I thought the color artistic. A pair or two of extra moccasins were put into my little bundle, and I started off with high hopes. I had not, for years, worn other foot covering than moccasins, and had a pair which I intended for dress occasions,- ornamented with beads and porcupine quills, and I thought them tony.

On arriving at Detroit, I went to the Steamboat Hotel,

which all old residents of Detroit will remember was for many years kept by Captain Benjamin Woodworth, and was the favorite hostelry of the city.

I at once commenced canvassing the city to find some one wanting the services of a boy to do chores out of school hours to pay for his board and lodging, as my money was nearly exhausted. I was taken in at the house of a Mr.Hatch, who had two little children who were attending a school in the immediate vicinity of the one I had selected, and the conditions were that I should act as a kind of dry nurse to these children. My services to the children consisted in seeing to them to and from school, and carrying them in my arms across Jefferson and Woodward Avenues. In those days those streets were wide, muddy roads, and not an unusual sight to see wagons mired in them. I will here add that some years after I lived neighbor to one of these children, who had become the wife of A.B.Matthews, of Pontiac, and had the pleasure of taking her to ride in my carriage, instead of carrying her in my arms.

I found my city schoolmates predisposed to poke fun and jokes at the boy from the back woods. My butternut coat, on which I had prided myself, and even my best moccasins came in for a share of their ridicule;—but I had the nerve not to be discouraged, and paid the closer attention to my studies, and the memory of the teachings of my elder Sisters enabled me to stand at the head of my class ere long. While at school, I

found my Indian education of service to me. Some of my Indian friends were hunting near enough to the city to come there to sell the furs and skins they were accumulating. They soon found I was there, and would come to me to aid them in their sales. They found I could do better for them than they could do at the old Indian trading posts. There was, at this time, a store standing all alone on the Northwest corner of Jefferson and Woodward Avenues, kept by F.P.Browning & Co., with whom I made an arrangement to bring them all the Indian trade I could, for a commission of ten per cent. From this source, I was enabled to renew my wardrobe, to discard the butternut-colored coat, and, with some regrets, I changed my moccasins for boots, which, for a time, were unpleasant,for their extra weight and clumsiness. My commissions also gave me pocket money, and enabled me to be the dispenser of nuts and candy, and had I not discarded my favorite coat and moccasins, I have no doubt I would still have had subservient followers. This was my last term at school. I have often regretted that my educational opportunities have been so meagre; yet observation, intuition, and attrition, have enabled me to see something of the world. I remember once, when coming from Europe, being in the smoking room of the steamer, where were congregated a half-dozen young men, all college graduates, from different institutions,-each fanaying the school from which he came, the best. Presently the question was asked me where I

was educated. I had to acknowledge the only professor I had studied under taught only the Chippewa language, and the only athletic games at our school were paddling birch-bark canoes, and shooting with the bow and arrow.

At the end of the school term, I returned to Grand Blanc and helped my father with the farming, but the little intercourse I had had with the world while at school had a tendency to awaken in me a desire for a more exciting life than that of farming.

Our father had made it a rule to keep none of his children at home longer than they chose to stay, and when I told him that I would, with his permission, seek my fortune in the settlements, he did not object, and only warned me of his inability to give me an outfit. Of this I was well aware, but nothing daunted, I mounted a pony, which was the only property I possessed, and started for Pontiac.

On arriving at Pontiac I went directly to the principal store, at that time kept by Newbury & Beach,— Oliver Newbury of Detroit, and Elisha Beach, the resident manager. To the country merchant in those days the Indian trade was an important item, and although I had no qualification for business, from the fact that I could talk Indian I was enabled to secure an engagement, at a salary on which I could live and clothe myself. I remained with them for a year or two, gained some knowledge of business and of bookkeeping, when I was offered

a much larger salary to go to Saginaw, to take charge of a store about to be started on Green Point, a mile or so above what is now Saginaw City. While engaged there, I had some exciting experiences that were commonplace in those days, but from the wonderful changes that have occurred in the Saginaw Valley, if I narrate them, the present generation will doubtless pronounce them romances,- but there still live a few old friends, who were my comrades and associates in those times, who will vouch for the accuracy of my narrative.

We were a new store, starting in to compete for trade with the American Fur Company, who kept a score or more of runners, whose business it was to often visit every hunting party of Indians, and gather in all their accumulated furs and skins. To get trade, I was obliged to seek it in the same way, and I occasionally made trips to the hunting camps for that purpose, in the company of an Indian guide named Wainding. He was a stout, able-bodied fellow, and considered an "A Number One" guide. We started early in the morning, late in the month of November,- crossed the Saginaw River a mile above Saginaw City, moved into the heavy timber that was then growing upon the ground where now can be found East Saginaw; from there, intending to go to a place on the Bay about three miles down the coast, from where there is today another city of forty thousand people. The Indian name of the place of our destination was Buckquonaconse. We expected to reach the camp early in

the afternoon and took only a biscuit or two for a mid-day lunch. About nine o'clock it commenced to rain and continued through the day. As it began to be towards evening we thought from time to time we could see it a little lighter ahead, and would congratulate each other on being nearly out. Soon again, the forest would become more dense—our hope disappointed. Presently, as it began evidently to grow darker from the approach of evening, we began to feel it doubtful if we should get through until it would be too dark to travel. As we were plodding along,-I, nearly exhausted with fatigue and hunger,-we came upon a bark shed some hunter had erected to protect him from the rains. Although we were very hungry and wet to the skin, we concluded it a wise thing to do to make it our abiding place for the night. Old Wainding built up a rousing big fire, and we rolled ourselves in our blankets to dream of supper. We had no breakfast to prepare next morning, therefore were on our way at peep of day. The rain still continued, but we paid but little heed to it, as we expected an hour or two at the most would take us to the Bay shore. We continued to travel as fast as we could but I was too exhausted from hunger to make great speed, and I fancied the guide acted queerly. He was taciturn and gloomy, evidently troubled more than an Indian should be for a few hours fasting. I finally had fallen a few yards behind the Indian when he, in joyful tones, sung out: "Here we are, here are fresh tracks.

We will soon be there now." I, encouraged, hurried up and overtook him, when, sure enough, there were tracks of two persons going in the same direction as ourselves. We followed these tracks for a couple of hundred yards, when we espied a little smoke ascending into the air. Old Wainking, thinking we had fallen in with a hunting party, gave a friendly yell to announce our coming. When we approached, my readers can faintly imagine our dismay when I tell them we found the camp and fire we had left that morning at the peep of the day. Old Wainking at first was dumb, finally commenced to abuse himself for his stupidity. It was lucky that there are no cuss words in Chippewa, or I fear the woods would have been blue with profanity. He called himself everything that signified blindness. He was a bat, an owl, a juvenile puppy dog, his eyes not yet open. "See here," said he, stepping to the nearest tree, "see what the Great Spirit has placed upon the trees, that should guide a fool on his course." However, there was no help, for here we were, and here we must stay another long, dreary night. We had travelled two whole days and spent one night and were now to spend another, with a single biscuit as our only food - except food for thought - and we knew not where we were. We again replenished our fire, rolled up in our blankets, this time to dream of feasts we might never eat. As the sun went down the rain ceased, and the weather became intensely cold. At daylight we started again upon our course,

knowing full well that if we kept a due North course, and travelled far enough, we must reach the Bay. As we passed wearily along, the guide still grumbled at his own stupidity for having travelled all day in a circle, while the signs to guide him on a straight course were so abundant. He implored me not to tell of our mishap if we got through. He said even the squaws would laugh him out of camp. About nine o'clock we began to see an opening through the timber, and ere long could hear the surf upon the Bay.

The Indians were encamped in a little valley between the timber and a sand ridge on the immediate shore. There were a dozen or more lodges, and as we approached, they had the appearance of being deserted. Not a soul was in sight, even the dogs that usually greet the stranger on approaching an Indian village, were missing; but beyond the sand ridge next to or on the water, we could hear the most unearthly screeching and laughter, the barking of the dogs, and exclamations, from time to time,— "Off here he goes," "There he is," "Don't you see him?" but we were too hungry to investigate the mystery until, first endeavoring to get some food, we made our way into the largest lodge, Old Paimding feeling sure that it was the home of Shawbosseday, the Queen of the Band. To found her at home, and made known to her the fact that we were starving. She at once produced a twelve pound trout that evidently had but just left its native element, put it into a big

brass kettle filled with water, and hung it over the fire. While watching the boiling of that kettle, in which our interest centred, we asked the meaning of the noises over the sand ridge. She said the entire village was out on the ice, catching fish. You may be sure I was curious to know the style of fishing that could be going on to create such noise and excitement as we were hearing, but our interest just then was greater in the kettle of fish than in all the fish left in Lake Huron. Shawbosseday soon took the kettle off the fire, divided the fish in two equal parts, put them into two large wooden dishes, set the kettle containing the soup in which the fish was boiled between us, and handed us each a wooden ladle, and said to us: 'Eat, drink, and be happy. Eat all you want. Fish no hurt white man or Indian.' We not only ate all the fish, but we drank all the soup in which it was boiled. I have since then dined at Delmonico's, at the Astor House, and at various celebrated restaurants in the city of London, but I have never tasted so delicious a repast as that, nor one so deliciously seasoned,—although it had not even pepper or salt,—and I wondered while drinking that rich and palate-tickling broth in which that fish was boiled, how people could spoil their food with condiments.

Soon after finishing our repast, I made my way to the top of the sand ridge, where I could look over on to the waters of the Bay. The weather the night before had been so cold and

still that it had made ice strong enough to bear for a long distance out. On this was congregated the entire village,- seventy-five or one hundred men, squaws, and pappooses. The sight was novel and exciting. All seemed on the go, as fast as they could scramble,—some few on skates, but the most in their moccasins. They would rush at full speed for a short distance, then dodge off at right angles, frequently colliding, and whole groups would be floundering on the ice at once. Then up and off again, all watching something at their feet, and stooping to cut a small hole through the ice, out of which they would pull a fish. I made my way on to the ice among them, found the ice about two inches thick, the water not a foot or two deep, and the bottom a white sand. The ice was so clear you could see a fish through it as readily as if upon the surface. I borrowed a pair of skates, and tried my hand at the sport. I was handicapped by the dinner I had just eaten, but, notwithstanding, I captured a twenty pound trout. I had several mishaps, collisions, falls, etc., but it all added to the mirth, hilarity, and noise. It may be not generally known that a fish in water but a foot or two in depth, if followed closely and by pounding or stamping upon the ice over him, will soon drown himself, or become so exhausted as to give up, turn upon his back, and allow himself to be picked up. Such, however, are the facts, and on that morning, before leaving the ice, they had caught more than half a cord

of most all kinds of fish that are found in Lake Huron, though I cannot truthfully say,- and it was not a good day for fishing, either.

I am not sure that the descendants of the Stevens Family will care to read of my personal experiences among the Indians, but I have, within the last few months, passed by rail, in a Pullman car, over the route I travelled with this same guide, and the changes that have occurred since I made that trading trip, and the singular and dramatic incidents that occurred at the time, induce me to narrate it.

On this occasion, we were going to the hunting grounds of the Green Point Indians. Our route was up the Shiawassie to the mouth of Bad River; then up that, as far as we could go with a canoe; then across the country, in the direction of Owasso, Ionia, and Grand Rapids.

On my return from the trip, if the question had been asked me if the country over which we had travelled would ever be inhabited, I should have answered "Never." From the start, each side of the Shiawassie was a dreary swamp or marsh, and for some distance up the Bad River a landing upon dry ground could not be made; and for miles after leaving Bad River, it was a level, flat region, principally timbered with soft maple, and uninviting for any purpose but for hunting and trapping. Yet in my recent trip, I could look out of the car window upon well-improved farms all the way, and every eight or ten miles

were villages, with churches, schools, houses, and a population of from three or four hundred to a thousand, while on the first trip, there was not a house, nor did we encounter a soul save Indians, in a journey of nearly one hundred miles.

On this occasion, Old Wainding did not fail to notice the guide marks of the Great Spirit, and we reached our destination as intended. We found a number of lodges, all of which had in sight evidences of successful hunting. The skins of divers animals were drying in the frames in which they were stretched, and our arrival was hailed with delight by the squaws, who, with the children, were the only ones at the camp, the hunters being all in the woods, in quest of game. About sundown they began to come in, most all of them bringing some kind of game. Presently we heard a very peculiar yell, long drawn out, and before the sound had fairly subsided, every squaw, papoose, and stripling had rushed out of doors, and each was announcing to the other that Chemtosh had killed a bear. In five or six minutes, the same sound was repeated, when Moran yelled to the youngsters that Chemtosh had killed two bears. At intervals the same sound was repeated, until it was known that Chemtosh had killed nine bears. The excitement had increased with each announcement, and now the excitement was perfectly wild. Presently Chemtosh came into camp, his blanket made into a sack filled with something apparently as heavy as he could carry. He had not a smile upon his face,

nor did he utter a word, until he deposited his sack at the door of his lodge, and told his wife to open it. She did so, and he poured upon the ground thirty-six bears' feet, amputated at the ankle-joint. Again the youngsters began to yell and dance, and even the elders seemed elated at the sight. I soon learned the secret of this great joy and excitement. These feet were to be served at night, as a great religious feast and a thanksgiving. A fire was built in the centre of and the whole width of the camp, and kept up until a good bed of coals had accumulated. The bed was then opened, the feet put into a trench made in the hot ashes, and were then nicely covered first with ashes, then with coal, and the fire kept up for an hour or so. They were then taken out, when the outer skin would peel off, and they were ready for the banquet. I was an honored guest at this feast, and enjoyed it greatly. The elder Indians all made prayers, and gave thanks to the Good Manito for not allowing the Bad Manito to warn the bears of their danger, and in their speeches they extolled the skill and prowess of the hunter. I have said that I enjoyed the feast, but they had not the seasoning that my fish on the Bay had—after nearly sixty hours of fasting.

During the evening, Chematosh gave us a full account of the killing of the bear, and of the day's hunt generally. It is impossible to put it on paper and embellish it as he did. He told us the story standing, and his action and gestures

were so dramatic that we could, in our fancy, see each bear as it came up to be shot, and hear his snuffing, when peering about, suspecting danger. He said he had travelled all the morning, seeing but few deer, and getting no shot until about noon, when he came face to face with a big buck, not a stone's throw from him. He said, 'I took deliberate aim at the churl at the root of his horns and expected him to drop in his tracks, but he barely winked one eye at me, nodded his head, as much as to say, 'No, you don't,' then hoisted his tail, and said, 'Bo sho.' I was crestfallen, and thought either I or my gun was bewitched, and if I had not found the bear, I should not tell you of the buck; but as I made my way towards home just before sundown, I was coming through the thick timber near the windfall, and as I came near it, I saw a yearling bear, squatting on the top log of the biggest pile in the windfall, near the creek. I made no noise, stepped behind that big black walnut, put the muzzle of my rifle against the tree, leaned forward, following my gun around, until I brought him in sight. I could see by his actions that he was suspicious of danger. He was snuffing the air, and peering into the woods, and I thought I heard him say, 'There is a hunter around,' and then I thought it time to assure him he was right. He was standing, so I could put a ball into his head just at the root of his left ear, and he tumbled off the logs into a hollow, where

I could not see if I had killed him dead, but I thought it prudent to reload where I stood, and before I had finished, the old he one came up to see what was going on. He also snuffed the air and peered into the woods, and acted as if inquiring for his offspring,—evidently not seeing him down in the hollow,—so I put a ball into his head, in the same place that had sent the young one home, and he went down into the hollow to meet him. I then commenced to load again—not because I expected to see more bears come up on the pile, but because one or both of those fallen into the hollow might prove to be only stunned, and might show fight,—but by the time I was ready, no old she one came up, inquiring for Billy and his dam. I lost no time in sending her to join them, and the uncles and the aunts and cousins continued to come, happily, one at a time, until I was sure I had sent nine of them into the hollow, and I did not know but I was to stand there and shoot bear forever, and I began to fear that that buck deer had winked at me so maliciously had bewitched me. When the bear ceased to come out, I found I had put in my gun my very last bullet, and as I started and got up on the big oak log so I could look over, I was still fearful I should find it a delusion and a dream, but there they were, one piled up on another until the pile of bears resembled the windfall of trees. I approached them with caution, lest some might require another shot, but they were all as dead as Nemonaniquette." He.

I suppose, was Julius Caesar.

In reading this episode of the slaughter of the bears to a gentleman for whose opinion I have great respect, he intimated that my friend Chematosh was a romancer, and had graphically described the killing of imaginary bears. Had he been with me at the camp, however, and witnessed the bringing in of the carcases, seen the skins put into frames to stretch them in proper shape, and been present in camp while the various processes were going on to extract and store the oil, he certainly would have come to the conclusion that not one of the nine was imaginary. On the contrary, he would have concluded he was visiting an abattoir, where the slaughtering of bear was being extensively carried on. So much oil was obtained, that the squaws were sent some distance into the forest to obtain birch bark, from which to manufacture vessels in which to store it.

It is true, the killing of nine bears from a single standpoint was not an every-day occurrence, and although there were no daily or weekly papers to advertise the fact, it soon became generally known, and added not a little to the fame of Chematosh as a hunter. I have recently travelled from Saginaw to Grand Rapids and passed within a short distance of the locality of the windfall, and at Owasso, fell in with two old acquaintances, who remembered the killing of the nine, and of the eclat it gave Chematosh among his companions.

We remained at the hunting camp a few days while the bear skins were being stretched and dried, then got a couple of boys to help Wainaing pack the furs and skins in our canoe on Bad River. We returned to the store at Green Point with a valuable load, and I was much elated with our success.

I am here inclined to state a fact for which I have never been able to account. There is a fascination in the fur trade and life among the Indians, to be found nowhere else. I have, since those days, been engaged in most all kinds of business that active Western men engage in. I have been a miller, a merchant, a banker, and a railroad builder, and tolerably successful in all of them, but none of them gave me the satisfaction and enjoyment that I found in the fur trade. The life is so fascinating, that few who engage in it at the age I did, ever abandon it. There is certainly but one way to account for it, and that is to acknowledge the fact that the natural tendency of men is to degenerate into primitive life, and to avoid it, we require the continual influence and the intercourse of civilized society.

It was about at the time of which I am writing that Brother Horatio returned from Canada and settled in Buffalo, and invited me to abandon the fur trade and join him as a broker. It was with much reluctance that I gave up the free and easy life of the woods to go to a city and attempt to mix and become familiarized with civilized society, but I had the juug-

ment to see that I had here a chance to reach a sphere of life that I could not hope for, among the Indians. As I have already stated, while relating the career of our Brother Horatio, we were partners in business, for a time, and only dissolved the partnership on my getting married. I had not been long in Buffalo, when I made, (I hardly know how) the acquaintance of the daughter of Major Christopher Van Deventer, of the United States Army. The Major had for some years acted as Chief Clerk to the War Department, while Mr. Calhoun was Secretary. The Major's wife was a daughter of Dr. Kirkhead, of Baltimore, and Miss Van Deventer had from her infancy associated with the refined and intelligent society of the two cities, and was, in fact, recognized as a belle in both places. When Mr. Calhoun went out of office, Major Van Deventer resigned from the army, came to Erie County, near Buffalo, and settled there, on an estate he had owned for some years. When I told my brother I was about to marry Miss Van Deventer, he declared me demented, and inquired how I expected to live? I told him my share of the business would be enough for us to start life on. That amounted to about two thousand dollars a year, which he declared would not suffice a young lady who had been in society in Washington and Baltimore, for a month, and if I was determined to ruin myself, our partnership must cease at once. I told him, if he had the leisure, we would settle our business then and there. He expected the dissolution

would cause the Major to withhold his consent to our nuptials, but we were married. We went to board at a moderate boarding house, and the Washington belle, who had lived all her life in luxury, was quite as ready to economize as one who had known nothing of a life of that nature.

About this time Brother Augustus had removed from Batavia to Buffalo, and he took an entirely different view of things. He was not afraid to endorse for me to procure all the funds I should require to open an office to carry on the same business on my own account alone that I had been doing as a partner with Horatio for only one-third of the proceeds, so that I was very soon in the full tide of a successful business. In a few months, we found we could afford to take a little cottage, furnish it inexpensively, and with a single servant, have a happy little home. Here we lived until May 1835, when our first child was born, which fact alone enabled me to give the date; and if these reminiscences are read by our descendants, they will see that the dates are mostly ignored, for want of data to guide me.

About this time there came to Buffalo some well-known citizens of Pontiac, who were the incorporators of a charter for a railroad and a bank; the road to be run from Detroit to Pontiac, and the bank to be located there. These gentlemen had known me as a boy in Pontiac and Saginaw, and were in search of parties whom they could induce to utilize their charters.

They asked if I could aid them to find them. I examined their charters, and was of the opinion that they would be a good thing to handle. I laid the matter before my brother, who decided at once that they did not have sufficient capital to think of building twenty-five miles of railroad, and starting a bank. I next went to Alfred Williams, better known in those days as 'Salt Williams' as he was acting as agent for salt works at Syracuse and Salina, and I thought he might induce his friends there to undertake the enterprise,- but they also declined. The more I thought of the undertaking, the better I liked it, but the fact was that I was enamored of Michigan and its people, and was not averse to getting back there to live. I finally suggested to Mr. Williams that he and I purchase the charters, and undertake it ourselves, alone. We had between us ten thousand dollars, which was all that was required to be paid in on the stock, before the issuing of notes for circulation.

I finally made a bargain with the gentlemen, converted our ten thousand dollars into coin, had a banking house prepared, and on the day the charter stipulated I was there, elected a board of directors, a president, and myself as cashier, and passed a code of by-laws, giving the cashier full control of the institution; paid in the ten thousand dollars upon the stock, and at once commenced the signing and issuing of notes, and for weeks could not supply the demand in exchange

for Eastern coin, notes, and bills of the two Detroit banks. Before it became obligatory to start the building of the railroad, we had in circulation two hundred thousand dollars, and all our coin still in the safe, in its original packages. I, in the meantime, left Mr.Williams in Buffalo, to carry on the broker's office there, and he was able to keep fifty thousand dollars of our Pontiac bank bills in circulation there, and buy it at two per cent discount, about every twenty days. Bank bills having about that discount were universally used there, by manufacturers, builders, and all retail business. In the meantime, we were able to keep a deposit in New York, against which to sell exchange, which commanded a premium of one to one and a half per cent. At the end of the first year we had realized a clear profit of over forty thousand dollars, and by the time we had, by the charter, to commence work on the railroad, we had a respectable bank account to draw against.

Our first outlay on railroad account was for building a steam saw mill and the purchase of two hundred and forty acres of oak timbered land at Royal Oak, twelve miles from Detroit, and fairly across the low and swampy land. This strip of low wet land was for a time considered worthless and, in fact, pronounced so by the surveyors sent out by the government to explore the interior. Yet it was densely timbered, and much of the timber could be utilized in building the kind of railroads in vogue at that time. I put men at work chopping and clear-

ing the roadway, commencing at the mill, and working towards Detroit. Each hundred feet furnished the material for ties, and the large trees were sufficient to give us two continuous lines of logs, which, when placed in the centre as nearly level as possible, formed the foundation on which the ties were placed. These ties, after being squared, had a notch or gain cut in each end, to receive the wooden rail, which was sawed at the mill, fifteen feet in length, five by seven inches; or, in other words, five inches wide, and seven inches deep. When the ties were placed upon the foundation timber, then longitudinal rails were dropped into the gains at each end of the tie, and fastened there with a wooden wedge driven into the gain alongside the rail. To a few old people, this minute description of the first railroads will seem uncalled for, but in my travels recently, I have met many persons who had no knowledge of that style of railroad, and when I told them that for some years after I had aided in the building of the first twenty-five miles of what is now the Detroit and Milwaukee, there was no other kind between there and New York, they doubted I must either be romancing, or be a centenarian.

We commenced to lay the rails at the saw mill, and when fairly started put a car on to the wooden rails, and with a single horse could keep a party layers well supplied. A long tow line was used, and the horse traveled on both the ties until enough was laid to begin the excavation of a ditch on each

side of the track, throwing the earth from the excavation into the centre between the rails, thus at the same time keeping the water from the track and making a tow path for the horse. It took us but a few months to complete this style of road from Royal Oak to the crossing of Jefferson Avenue, on what was then known as the Whitcrof farm,- at that time, quite out of town,—but its location has not been changed, and exactly where the Detroit and Milwaukee now crosses Jefferson Avenue, we built a little depot, and commenced the transportation of passengers and freight from there to Royal Oak on the wooden rail, using horses for motive power.

This occurred during the summer of 1836, when the emigration into Michigan was at its greatest tide. The wagon road across the twelve miles of timbered land was almost impassible. With a pair of horses and a single car, we could and did land twenty-five or thirty passengers at Royal Oak in an hour and a half. Stages were ready to take them from there over comparatively good roads. Five dollars a ton was willingly paid us for the transportation of freight across the swamp, and it was not unusual for us to receive a hundred dollars for a single day's traffic. The receipts from this source nearly met our expenditures in extending the road to Birmingham, seven miles farther. We continued the traffic to that point, but found the wear and tear upon the wooden rail beginning to break them up, to an extent likely to render them unfit for the iron bar.

Therefore, the time had arrived when we must have iron to spike upon these wooden rails. Iron was then costing ninety dollars a ton, and the amount we must have would cost a hundred thousand dollars.

My brothers in Buffalo were cognizant of the fact that we had but ten thousand dollars as a basis for our operations and anticipated our explosion the first six months; now that we had a necessary expenditure of a hundred thousand dollars staring us in the face, they were sure we must succumb. We had the use and control of money so long as we kept it in use in legitimate banking, but it would not do to invest it in iron.

Our Legislature was in session. Our success with the wooden rails, had convinced some of the inhabitants that the completion of the road would be a general benefit, and we got them all to petition the Legislature to grant us a loan in the shape of six per cent bonds, having twenty years to run. Now these were the days before free passes were supposed to be factors for obtaining subsidies and Legislative aid, but while a bill for our relief was pending, I invited a car-load of the members to make a trip over the road to Royal Oak and see the situation and the necessity of passing the bill.

It was upon this occasion that Mr. Williams, who was inclined to stutter, made answer to a party who asked him if there was not danger of the horses balking. His answer was: "The o-o-only d-d-danger on the Pon-Pontiac road is of d-d-d-

dying of old age before you can get through." To obviate that danger as much as possible, I, myself, took the place of the driver, and landed them in Royal Oak within the hour. The members were so well pleased with the ride and the road, that they passed the bill and issued to us the bonds. I went at once to New York, sold the bonds at par, bought the iron and a locomotive. The locomotive is remembered by some gray-headed gentlemen who were then boys, and they tell me the reason why they remember it is that it was the first one they ever saw, and bore the name of Sherman Stevens. That engine was the twelfth manufactured by Baldwin & Company, of Philadelphia, who have since made them until they number thousands.

My connection with the road ceased about 1845, I having sold my interest to Gordon Williams and some parties, residents of Syracuse, New York.

It was about this time that Michigan, as well as all other western states, became wild upon the subject of internal improvement. Michigan made a loan of five million dollars,— appropriated a part of it for the Clinton Canal to run from Mount Clemens through Pontiac, and on towards Shiawassie. The Michigan Central, then a state work, pushed towards Chicago. The state of New York passed a general banking law, based upon the state bonds and real estate. Michigan, to be more liberal, also passed a general banking law, with only real estate as security for issue. This plethora of what had

the appearance of money, induced speculation; prices advanced and over-production and general bankruptcy were the result. Banks failed everywhere. Sovereign states failed to pay their interest. The state of Michigan failed to pay the interest on the bonds loaned the Pontiac Railroad Company. Under the law granting the loan, I was the party to sign the coupons, and I was for a time kept busy answering inquiring holders that they must inquire of the State Treasurer's Office.

I have been for years absent from the state, and I have no knowledge whether the railroad or the state paid the bonds issued to us, but I do know that if the County of Oakland alone had been compelled to pay it by taxation, it would have been the most beneficial tax ever levied in that county.

Up to the time the railroad was put in operation, it had cost a dollar and a quarter to move a barrel of flour from Pontiac to Detroit. The day the road was put in operation, the price was fixed at eighteen and three fourths cents—thus saving the producer over a dollar a barrel.

For the first year after its completion, I was myself in charge of the shipping department, and forwarded, for many consecutive days, over a thousand barrels a day, and yet many of these same farmers who were so directly benefitted by the old Flat Bar Road, opposed it in every possible way, from its inception to its completion, and if any of them are still alive, I have no doubt will accuse their representatives of corrup-

tion, for having voted for the loan.

The Bank of Pontiac was unquestionably an important factor in the building of the road, and although it commenced its existence on a meagre capital, it retained the confluence of the people, and wound up its affairs, leaving less liabilities unpaid than any bank in the state.

About 1845, as near as I can remember, the copper discoveries at Lake Superior began to attract the attention of the people. Permits to locate a section of land for mining purposes were issued to individuals, conditioned to pay the Government a given royalty. I was, by this time, in a situation to become a mining adventurer. I, like nine-tenths of the business men of the day, had been compelled to use the general Bankrupt law to relieve myself of indebtedness to insolvent corporations and sovereign states,—all of whom were in the same boat with me, and to whose failures I could justly charge the necessity of my course. I had bought of the Fund Commissioners of the State of Indiana, four hundred thousand dollars of her six per cent bonds, on which I had established a bank in Buffalo. These bonds were mostly bought on a credit, at ninety-four cents to the dollar, but before a single payment matured, the state failed to pay interest, and her bonds depreciated to less than thirty cents. The bonds being used as a basis for banking, must necessarily be sold for what they would bring. They were lodged with the Comptroller of

the State of New York as security for circulating notes under the general banking law of New York. As I said above, after living down and coming up absolved from old liabilities, I was in a situation to try mining.

A party of Detroit gentlemen with some political influence, (which was required for the purpose,) obtained some permits to locate copper mines on the upper peninsula. John N. Grout, (who, in after years became wealthy by his connection with the copper mining,) and myself, were selected to explore the mining region and locate our permits. We took a steamer as far as the Sault St.Marie, and from there, a little schooner, called the Swallow; landed us at Copper Harbor, at which point were stationed two or three companies of soldiers. We spent a week or two at the post, making trips into the interior and along the coast, seeing some little veins of black oxide of copper, and one lode of mongonia, but could find nothing we could advise our company to expend money in developing. At Copper Harbor we chartered a bark canoe and a couple of Indians for crew, and sailed and paddled along the coast as far up as the south of Iron River; made excursions into the interior, only to encounter windfalls and mosquitoes, and finally returned to Eagle River on Keweenaw Point, where Colonel Charles Gratiot was acting as Superintendent for a Boston Company, which had located six sections at that point, and were sinking a shaft and taking out some copper, and occasionally

getting specimens of native silver. We did not like to return to Detroit without doing something. Colonel Grant, as agent of the Boston Company, offered to sell us a location adjoining the Eagle River and the Cliff Mines for five thousand dollars. These two mines, up to that time, were considered the banner mines of the district. Professor Jackson, of Boston, had reported upon the Eagle River as being enormously rich in silver, and the Cliff showed for itself. A shaft was already sunk to the depth of two hundred feet or more, and from the top to the bottom on one side was a sheet of pure native copper from six to ten inches thick, and men at work at it with cold chisels, cutting it into pieces of transportable size. The cliff vein was near the boundary line of the section. Colonel Gratiot offered to sell us the vein evidently running on to it, but the ground being lower and more earth overlaying the red rock, we could not prospect it much. I was in favor of securing it for our Company but could not get the refusal of it until we returned, and had no authority from our Company to purchase it. I finally entered into a contract to take it in my own name, and to pay the money to the agent in Detroit, at a given date, and receive the papers.

We then returned to Detroit, made our report to the Company, and told them as we were their employees, if they chose to take the only location we had made, they could have it. If not, I would hold it myself. They resolved to keep it, and

on that purchase was located the North American Mining Company, of which Gordon Williams was President, and John Bacon, Superintendent.

My quota of stock was awarded to me but having just got through the Bankruptcy Court, I felt that I could not well stand the necessary assessments to open a copper mine, but the furor for copper stock at the time enabled me to sell my stock for quite a stake. With the coin received for copper stock, I was enabled, at the sale of my assets by the assignee, to purchase some that I thought the most valuable, and during the years 1849 and 1850 I accumulated enough to leave my family in comfortable circumstances, while I took, what was then considered a great risk.- a trip to California. I left Pontiac in January, 1851, and sailed early in February from New York, for the mouth of the Chagres River. There, for the first time in my life, saw palms, cocoanut trees, and other tropical productions. Six or eight hundred of us were landed here, where there were no accommodations save a few native huts, consisting of sheds covered with palm leaves. Here we were to procure boats to convey us to Gorgona on our way across the Isthmus. I had with me a nephew, Albert, a son of brother Rufus, and a young man from Detroit, by the name of George Sam Rice. We three found a small boat, only big enough to carry ourselves and our baggage, and got started up the river in advance of the rest of the passengers. The arrangement gave us the

opportunity of securing supplies and accommodations wherever we required them, but I had taken precautions to have a lunch basket put up by the ships steward that would last us to Panama. I had brought along a rifle which I had had made to order, and expected to see more or less game on which to use it. We had left the mouth of the Chagres but a little while when I saw, laying on a log near the shore, an alligator, the first I had ever seen. I instructed the boatman to approach him with care, that I might get a sure shot. I took deliberate aim at him a few inches back of what I took to be his fore shoulder, thinking it a vital part, but our native crew laughed at me for expecting to hurt an alligator with a bullet, unless I put the bullet into his eye. I remember this failure, as failure it surely was, as I only awoke him from his nap, apparently uninjured. The next one we discovered I got near enough to hit in the eye, and he rolled off the log, floundering for a time, then floated off with his belly uppermost. We camped the first night in a small clearing, where a native was raising a few bananas and pine apples, and for a dime or two gave us the run of the plantation to use and eat all we chose. During the night, the noises about us were so new and unheard of by all of us that sleep for a time was out of the question. From one direction a screech or scream would startle us, and we would inquire of the native what it could be. "Oh, that is little monkey baricana. Buy heap of him to take

to New York. Presently, from another direction would come a hoarser yell that would almost frighten us. "Umbra, what is that?" "Oh, that Maricano call orang-outang. He sometime so big" (marking three feet high). So our first night onshore in the tropics passed. The next day we continued our voyage to the river, seeing worlds of parrots of all shades of color and size. Occasionally, we would see a monkey springing himself from tree to tree, but I could not bear to shoot them— they looked too human. The only game I shot the second day was what I took to be a young alligator. He was on a sandspit a few feet out of the water. When I shot him, the ball went through him, but did not prevent his making for the river. At this juncture, one of our crew jumped into the water and caught it up in his arms and was bringing it on board the boat. We all demurred to this, while he insisted it was good to eat,- all the same as chicken; but, finding us unwilling to have it in the boat, he took his knife, ripped it open, and took out at least a half-peck of eggs, nearly the size of hens' eggs. I subsequently learned that the animal was called an Iguana, and was really eaten by whites as well as by natives of the Isthmus.

We were able to reach Gorgona ahead of the crowd, and secured pack and riding mules and got off before but few of our fellow-passengers overtook us. It took three pack animals to carry our baggage, and the manner in which they were harnessed

was unique. The three were all fastened firmly in a string, the second one hitched to the tail of the first, and the third tied to the tail of the second and made to follow the leader. I found this arrangement was made to prevent any one of them dodging off the road into the forest, which was all the way so dense that it would be like looking for a needle in a hay stack to find one astray. We mounted our saddle mules and although the roads were in horrid condition, we made the city of Panama before night-fall, and in consequence of being ahead of the crowd, were able to get quarters for our stay of ten days, awaiting the sailing of our steamer.

There was much to be seen at Panama that was new to us. It was, in the first place, the first walled city I had ever seen, and the first holy cathedral. City churches everywhere, bells ringing from morning to night. It seemed to me that every other native on the street was in the garb of a priest, going to or coming from a church,—some of them carrying under their arms a brace of fighting cocks. I asked a resident acquaintance what it meant. He said that many of the priests were owners of fighting cocks, and did not hesitate to back their favorites. He also said that some of them had mastered the game of poker, and that he had seen one of them playing a game. When a lady passed the door, he pulled out his watch, marked the time, handed his cards to a friend, and asked him to play for him while he went into the church to confess the

señorita who had just passed.

There were many things that were new and interesting. In the market I found them selling beef by the yard, instead of by the pound. It was cut into thin strips and dried in the sun, and yet when cooked with chili peppers was not unpalatable. The narrow streets were full of great vultures, or turkey buzzards, so tame, you had almost to kick them out of your way. These, I learned, were protected by law, and were the only scavengers of the city.

Before we sailed, a steamer arrived from California with a thousand passengers, and it was a singular fact that they were infinitely more quiet and better behaved than those just arrived from New York. I asked my friend the resident how he accounted for the fact. He said it was a well recognized one, and the reason was that those returning had seen the elephant, while those just going out were in search of him.

In due time, we embarked on the steamer Panama, one of the fleet sent out to carry the mails by Howland and Aspinwall, the Government, I think, having helped to build them. We coasted along in sight of land in a sea so quiet that an Indian dug-out would have been safe, but made no landing until we reached Acapulco, the eighth day. Here, after entering the little land-locked harbor, we were immediately surrounded by innumerable boats, mostly loaded with fruit, seeking a market,—oranges, pineapples, lemons, limes, all kinds of melons.

Each pedlar had a basket attached to a line, and a passenger wanting fruit would be invited to send down the dimes. The fruit would then be put in the basket, and the purchaser could haul it up.

It was very amusing to hear some of the young men, who, before leaving New York had purchased a book entitled "Spanish without a Master," with a view of being able to speak, against the time they got to California. Some of them had learned that "quanto" meant "how much" and that "oro" was "gold." I presume those two words formed the burthen of their thoughts. I heard one of these students singing out to the pedlar, "Quanto oro, two pine apples, one water melon, and a dozen oranges." Now the proportion of Spanish used in this instance was less than in the attempt made by another one. There were boats alongside, with awnings over them, soliciting passengers to go on shore. I heard another of the students inquiring in a earnest tone, "Quanto orum, go ashorum," and I have no doubt he thought he was talking Spanish.

I concluded to take a run on shore. The town seemed to be living on the sidewalks. In front of nearly every door was spread their merchandise,—apparently but little else than fruit and aguardiente, a fiery kind of tipple. We also went to see a ship that many years ago was thrown on land some distance by a tidal wave, and has lain there since. A señorita, with a basket of shells and feather flowers, offered us her wares,

and when we declined to buy, she selected a little shell, or flower, and in most insinuating tones, would say, "Te presenta, Señor," and if we accepted, she did not hesitate to state that she expected "Señor" to presenta her a two-bit piece in return.

While we were on shore, the passengers on the steamer were excited at a sight they saw approaching; Some dozen boats were nearing the steamer. Alongside of each could be seen some animal swimming, no part of which was in sight but a head surmounted by an enormous pair of horns. They judged it to be some sea monster, until told they were Mexican oxen being brought on board to feed the passengers. Then the question arose, "How could oxen be taken from out the water, and put on board the boat?" The problem was soon solved. A tackle and fall was lowered from the yard arm, attached to the horns of an ox, and three or four sailors would hoist him out of the water, his legs dangling in the air, until high enough to clear the bulwarks, when he would be lowered into the cattle pens, there to remain, until called for by the ship's butcher. After taking on board the cattle and quantities of fruit, the anchor was hoisted, and we steamed out of the harbor. On our way again, we called at San Blas, Mazatlan, and San Diego. Just before entering the Bay of SanDiego, the monument marking the boundary line between Mexico and California was pointed out to us. Our next call was at Monterey.

From San Diego to Monterey we steamed so near the shore that objects were visible, and in one instance we saw a drove of a dozen or more elk. With a glass we could see and count those adorned with antlers. All such sights and scenes were exciting to a ship's load of passengers who were witnessing them for the first time.

As we neared our destination, a change came over the actions and conversation of many of the passengers. They were less hilarious and full of confidence. Many of them were about to land in a strange country with nearly empty purses, and I have no doubt many of them wished they were back in the comfortable homes they had left. I was particularly struck by the downcast look of a couple of well-behaved females that I had been able to render a little assistance to in looking after their baggage. I asked them why they were so gloomy now, as we were about to enter the Golden Gate. They answered with tears and sobs that they had been so long on the journey, which had cost more than they had expected, and they had but little left. Letters from acquaintances had given such glowing accounts of the ease with which gold was made by all willing to work, that they had been induced to make the journey, but now they realized the fact that they knew not a soul to apply to for advice, and heartily wished they were back in Ohio. I comforted them all I could, and advised them to go to a hotel at which I intended to stop. Although it would be

expensive, they would be surer of good advice than they would be at some cheap and perhaps less reputable place. We soon dropped anchor abreast of what there was then of the city of San Francisco. There were no docks at which to land, and all had to go on shore in small boats. I procured one to take our party, and was about to leave, when the two females begged me to let them go with us. I was a little fearful that I had got into an entangling alliance, but the result proved eminently satisfactory. The hotel at which we stopped had some fifty or sixty beds, and up to that time the landlord had been compelled to employ men to do the chamber work. He was glad to employ these two Ohio women, at five dollars a day each, and board them, so they were made independent at once, and I have no doubt, if alive, they remember me gratefully to this day.

The city of San Francisco presented a crude and strange appearance. About every other building was made principally of canvas, and at least one out of every three was a saloon and gambling den, with a band of music to attract customers. The gaming tables were surrounded by rough-looking, long-bearded men, with boots outside their pantaloons, all with pistols strapped to their wrists, and many of them with a handle of a bowie knife protruding from their bootleg. Some of them were sober and intently watching the game in which they were investing their money, while others were hilariously drunk, and singing Bacchanalian songs. The morning after our first night in

San Francisco, the daily papers announced not two men found in the streets with holes through them, and it was thought a short crop. Not a few of those found dead on the streets in those days were suicides. Men who had been successful in the diggings and had made what they thought would make them comfortable for life, would come down to San Francisco, and while waiting the sailing of the homeward-bound steamer, would be induced to visit one of these Hells, and, looking upon the game, would see some one (who was probably a confederate) winning thousands of dollars. A man, in his folly, would think he could double the pile he had brought from the mines, and the result would be that in a few hours all would be gone,—then it is not improbable that he had already advised his wife, or his mother, that he had made ten or twenty thousand dollars, and should sail for home on the next steamer.

Some of the Argonauts could and did bear up under such a state of facts, and borrowed of a friend enough to take them back to the mines to delve for more; while others, more sensitive, rather than acknowledge their wickedness and folly, preferred to shuffle off this mortal coil, and they were the ones that furnished a fair percentage of those found drowned, and in the street. I had brought with me a few thousand dollars, thinking I might see something in which I would like to invest, but when I saw how money was used—almost exclusively in gambling games—I made up my mind to buy a bill of exchange,

and sent it each to my banker in New York for safety. Mr.Rice, our fellow-passenger, came out to take a position in the Custom House, then just established, with Thomas Butler King, as Collector. We saw him installed, and then started for the mines.

David M. Hinsdale (who had a year before this married our sister Charlotte, next elder than myself) and A.I. and B.C.Williams, uncles of my nephew Albert, were mining in Nevada, and we made that our objective point. We found them all deep in the mystery of mining, as they were working thirty feet under ground, digging out gravel on and near the bed rock, sending it to the surface with the aid of a windlass and tub, then carting it nearly half a mile to the creek, and there washing it. We found B.C.Williams astride a tub, the half of a whiskey cask filled with water, a twelve-quart pan in his hand, filled so far as we could see with dirt and gravel. At his suggestion we watched his operation, seeing the dirt in the pan growing less and less, until finally we could begin to see a mass of yellow, glittering gold. When he was done manipulating it he weighed it upon his scales,-and there was Fifteen hundred dollars' worth, and we were told it was the result of one day's work of three of them.

About the time we arrived, Mr.Hinsdale and the Williams brothers had nearly exhausted their claims at Nevada and were on the lookout for further diggings. They had discovered

that they thought would be a paying locality, if it could be supplied with water. They made a survey, and found that with the outlay of labor and money a ditch could be made from Deer Creek near Nevada, and water diverted to Randolph Hill,-a distance of nine miles. Water ditches of any length were unknown, and the undertaking was looked upon as gigantic,-and many conservative men prognosticated their ruin. Before they had exhausted their claims at Nevada, however, they had a stream of water running through nine miles of ditch, that would supply thirty men.

While this ditch was being made, my nephew and myself had selected some ground near where it was to terminate, that prospected fairly upon the surface. At Nevada, I had seen the same kind of ground successfully worked, by digging a ditch through a foot or two of gravel that overlaid a soft granite bed rock; then into this bed rock a foot or so, and turning a stream of water through this bed rock ditch, so located, that it would run with a good, sharp current. Next, shovel a foot or two of top gravel and dirt on to the bed rock ditch, leaving the current to sweep through the ditch, and to carry off the dirt and gravel, leaving the gold behind. Then carefully scrape the bottom of the ditch, and wash it out in a pan.

I made up my mind I could improve on this plan by using lumber. I went to the only saw mill in the county, and at a cost of one hundred dollars per thousand, ordered lumber for a

sluice one hundred and fifty feet long,—the bottom board to be sawed, tapering fourteen inches at one end and twelve at the other, so that when a side board was nailed on each side of this bottom, the narrow end would enter the wide,-stove-pipe fashion,-thus forming a water-tight sluice into which to shovel earth. About the time we got our sluice set, it commenced to rain and snow, and gave us an abundance of water. I told Albert, (for whose benefit I was working, as I did not come out to stay but a few months,) to hire four men, put two on each side the sluice, and commence washing, while he forked out the rocks the water would not run out. Albert was fearful that he would not get enough to pay the hired men, as eight dollars a day each was as cheap as we could hire, but at night of the first day we took up fifty-four dollars, and I could see considerable fine gold in the shives of the rough, newly-sawed boards—all of which we could get, as the boards were smooth. This, at the time, was an entirely new style of mining, and before the week was out over five hundred men had come to see the machine for getting gold. It certainly was a great improvement on former modes, and had I obtained a patent for it, a very small royalty would have made me a fortune, for, by its means, many millions have been realized in the placers.

Albert continued successful and took out enough over wages to pay me all I had advanced him to make the journey. Seeing him doing well, I commenced prospecting to see if I

could not find the vein out of which this gold found in the surface earth had come.

I finally succeeded in getting control of a vein that looked promising. I could get a fair pan prospect from the decomposed rock, and much of the solid vein showed gold when pulverized. I boxed up forty or fifty pounds of the rock, and started for San Francisco. About my only acquaintance being in the Custom House, I went there at once. All the officers, from Mr. King down to the inspectors, were anxious to subscribe for stock. A company was formed and the stock issued, one-fourth of which was to be unassessable, and retained by me for the location. The three-quarters were awarded to the subscribers, subject to assessment, as funds were required for development. By this time, Albert had nearly worked out his claim at Rough and Ready, and was offered the superintendency of the mine, at ten dollars a day salary. He sold his sluices and tools and went to work for the company, and commenced sinking a shaft upon the vein. About this time, thinking I had made arrangements that would insure me all the money I should ever want, I was ready to sail for home. In my homeward trip I met with no exciting episode. Twenty-six days brought me to Detroit, in the morning, just after the cars had started for Pontiac; but my friend, John Strong, knowing my anxiety to see my wife and children, voluntarily offered me the use of his trotting ponies, and with them I made about as

good time as the old Flat Bar Rail would allow. I was absent this time but little more than six months, but I was among the first of the Argonauts to return, and was for a time quite a lion. People who had friends in that far-off land came long distances to see and talk with one who had lived to go there and return. I had been back but about three months when letters from Albert informed me the mines were likely to be a failure. He had sunk sixty feet on the vein, found gold all the way, but a little small engine and a chilian mill could not work enough to pay expenses. At the end of three months, they found themselves three thousand dollars behind, stockholders discouraged, and unwilling to pay more assessments, and were finally sold out. That rock they worked averaged fifty dollars a ton, and in after years was worked with great success, and produced some millions of dollars. Here properly ends my reminiscences of my first trip to California.

Since then I have made fifteen more trips over this same Isthmus route, making thirty-two times I have crossed the Isthmus of Panama in going and returning, and in all of these trips I have never been sick for an hour, nor has there been any sickness by a number of young men who have, at different times, made the voyage with me in the capacity of employees and acquaintance.

About a year after I returned from my first trip, I exchanged my homestead and a mill property at Pontiac for a prop-

erty at Roslyn, Long Island, and moved my family to that place. Some of my nephews, who were living in New York at that time, will remember how lovely the view from our front door, looking out into the harbor, was; what beautiful, shady drives there were all over the North Shore, and the nice driving horses that "Uncle Sher." brought from the West;—but if they have forgotten these facts, I am inclined to believe they still remember the hospitable greetings they received from their Aunt Marcia, and from their cousins, Marcia and Sallie.

Although I had as good a farm as there was on Long Island, I found it too dull and quiet a life among an orderly quaker community, and had not excitement enough to keep me from rusting. I had a desire to see California again, and made up my mind to go out once more. Mr. Rice, the same person who went with me on my first trip and whom I had left in the Custom House in San Francisco, had also come back, and had been home long enough to be ready to repeat the trip. Before he left the Pacific, a discovery had been made of phenomenal rich diggings in the beach sand of the ocean at a place called Port Oxford, about four hundred miles north of San Francisco. The gold in this locality was said to be so fine that it was difficult to save it by any washing process in use, but a "Smart Alleck" had invented a machine that was supposed to be the thing to overcome all this trouble and, in the language of Colonel Sellers, there would be "millions in it."

The machine was made something like a threshing machine on a small scale;—a cylinder, revolved in a box. In this cylinder were numerous spikes, and as it revolved, the spikes would wade around in the sand in the bottom of the box, and these spikes, being magnets, would pick up the iron sand, but when it revolved to a certain point, the spikes, by some process, ceased to have magnetic power, and would drop off the sand on to a belt running in another direction. We tried one of the machines with sand that bankers, who had purchased gold dust but partly cleaned, had taken out with horse shoe magnets, and of course the machine worked beautifully, so we concluded to buy one and go to the beach diggings.

We sailed from New York this time about the first of June, 1853 or 1855,-went through much the same scenes and incidents as upon our first trip, until we reached Panama. There we found that the ship for which we had tickets had been wrecked on her downward trip. The agent, however, made arrangements with the competing line to send us forward on the Golden Gate.

The consequence of this change was a crowd of a thousand passengers when there should have been but half the number, but careful use of quinine kept Mr. Rice and two young men from Buffalo and myself, who were occupants of the one state room, in perfect health during the fifteen days, but we had on board the ship both cholera and yellow fever, and quite a number were buried at sea.

The only episode that occurred out of the ordinary was the disciplining of one of the waiters, which had a remarkable influence over the fortune of one of our roommates from Buffalo. This waiter was guilty of some offense for which the captain ordered him put into the stocks. The stocks were no more nor less than a cask or barrel minus the heads, with holes near the centre large enough to admit his arms, (one on each side,) and when put on him, his head was just above the top, and his arms hanging down on each side. He could neither sit nor lay down. In this dress he was marched on to the promenade deck, and for an hour was the observed of all observers. Presently a Polish Jew thought proper to interfere. He went to the captain and told him it was an outrage, and if he did not release the waiter at once, he himself would do so. The captain told him very mildly that he had better leave the discipline of the ship to him. The Jew continued to threaten mutiny unless the waiter were released, and the captain finally told him that he would call the mate, and have him taken out. When the mate appeared, the captain, without changing countenance or leaving his seat, directed him to take the waiter out of the barrel and put the Jew in. He was kept there for an hour or more and not released until he promised not to interfere again with the ship's management. This episode was a relief to the monotony of the voyage, and gave us a theme for conversation. Nine of every ten of the passengers were

heartily with the captain, but the Jew had his partisans also, and they could see no necessity for autocratic power in a ship's captain. One of our room mates was on his way to California to commence his career as a lawyer, and doubting the right (in a legal sense) for the captain to prescribe the punishment for threatened mutiny, conceived the idea of getting before the courts in San Francisco,--and, perhaps, a contingent fee. The Jew, before leaving the ship, had authorized him to arrest the captain for imprisonment in the barrel, etc.

The third day after the landing the captain was brought before the court, and our room mate made a sensational speech. He painted in vivid colors the tyrannical cruelties of these autocratic sea captains, and a jury (probably the friends of the Jew) awarded ten thousand dollars damages, and the Steamship Company had it to pay. This little unforeseen circumstance, which probably originated by a dishwasher having carelessly broken a platter, or spilled a pot of gravy, not only gave an aspiring young lawyer a stake, but the fact that he had mutilated a powerful steamship company for ten thousand dollars, gave him a start as a lawyer, and in less than two years he was made attorney-general of the state.

Mr. Rice and myself remained in San Francisco but a few days, when we took passage on the Oregon steamer for Crescent City, that being the nearest landing to the coast diggings. We found, after the steamer left Crescent City, that it would

be unsafe to attempt to reach the Beach diggings by land, as the Indians along the coast were thought to be on the war path. As we could not get away until the steamer returned from Oregon, we concluded to hire riding mules and make a trip into the interior, to a place that, the winter before, had been found to produce a good deal of gold. In two days' travel over a mountain trail, we found ourselves at a place known as "Sailors' Diggins." A party of sailors were the discoverers, and worked there with good results until the water gave out, on the approach of the dry season. We found there a dozen or more cabins, but one of which had an occupant. We found him hospitable and communicative, and learned from him that he considered the mines valuable, if water could be brought to them, and that parties had located a stream, with a view of building a ditch. We borrowed a pick, shovel, and pan, and on the fourth day of July, 1853, did some prospecting until we were satisfied that the ground would pay, and a ditch to bring the water would be a good investment. We learned, also, that the man we found on the grounds was one of the five parties who had claimed the water. He also frankly told us he had no faith that a ditch would be made by the claimants, as they all, but himself, were professional gamblers. We made up our minds to return to Crescent City, where these parties lived, and see what arrangement we could make. We found their price for a quit claim too exorbitant, and then proposed to

make it a company of seven shares,—Mr.Rice and myself to superintend its construction. To this, they were delighted to acquiesce. I drew up articles of association, under the law of California; made myself President and Superintendent, Mr. Rice, Secretary and Treasurer; made the by-laws so stringent that any holder not paying assessment after ten days' notice, could be sold out. We called for Twenty-one hundred dollars, three hundred per share, which money I took, and returned to San Francisco, by the steamer, when she came back from Oregon.

I purchased an outfit of tools, irons for a cheap saw mill, and provisions for the work. I also purchased a pair of draft mules and a lumber wagon, and had all on board for the next weekly trip of the Oregon steamer. When we got into the harbor at Crescent City, the lighter came alongside and took off all my freight but the mules. To land them, they wanted to charge me thirty dollars each, if they insured against injuring them in lowering them to the lighter. I told them I proposed to land them by another process. The steamer was out about forty rods from the shore. I had a couple of men with the ship's boat lay alongside the steamer, then took fifty feet of rope, put one end of it around the mule's neck, then around his nose, threw the other end to the men in the boat, took out the gang-way, turned the mule's head to opening, and two men rushed him overboard. The man in the boat then pulled on his oars, and the mule, after snorting out the water

he had taken in by his leader, paddled himself ashore. The lighter men were not pleased with this performance. The landing of horses and mules had heretofore been a bonanza to them.

As soon as I could make arrangements for a pack train to transport our freight, Mr.Rice and myself saddled the mules we had brought from the city, and we were back in Sailor Diggings in ten days from the time we left. We commenced the survey for the ditch at once, and as soon as our tools arrived, we put a force of men at work at the ditch and on a saw mill. The saw mill was necessary to make flumes across the ravines first, and for sluices after we were ready for mining. We got the mill in operation and ditch completed down to the first mining ground before the weather became cold. We had expended a little over fifteen thousand dollars up to this time, and all of the Crescent City Gamblers had been compelled to sell out, but they found no trouble in doing so at a profit. As soon as we got the water running through the ditch we set a sluice, and commenced to mine. We continued extending the ditch until we reached all the known mining ground, and took out all the gold to pay for the work. We finally arrived at a point where I desired to tunnel through a hill that was about forty rods through and about eighty feet high at its apex. I wanted to do it as quickly as possible, as we were losing the sale of water that would bring us about sixty dollars per day, until we could deliver it over this hill. I

finally put four sets of men at work on it, a day and night shift, at each end of the tunnel. I had no engineering tools except what I could make with hand saw and jack plane, and the fear was of not getting the right place to start in on the far side, to give the ditch the proper grade through the tunnel, and to meet in the centre, but I accomplished it, and we met in the centre with a variation of less than three inches,—and I have claimed it as good engineering, under the circumstances.

We now were able to supply water for a hundred men, and for some time there was that number using it, and our receipts from mining and the sale of water some times reached as high as two hundred and fifty dollars in a day. The old gentleman that Mr.Rice and I found at the diggings when we first arrived retained his seventh interest, and when we got the water on to his claim that he was washing when we first found him, he bought of the Company a head of water, and went to mining. He worked out his claim, clearing some eight thousand dollars after paying for water, and concluded he had money enough, after selling his interest in the ditch. He left for his home in Canada, with about sixteen thousand dollars. It was a much larger sum than he had ever owned before, but it did not spoil him, or alter his habits of economy and thrift. As evidence of the fact, a few days before he left, in returning from the nearest trading post where he had purchased a pair of boots, he

had the misfortune to lose along the way one of the pair. He went back the next morning and found it, but a coyote had found it first and breakfasted off it, leaving only a part of the sole, too full of nails to be good. He took the saved boot in his hand and carried it to his home near Ottawa, in Canada, had a mate made to match, and one of his sons wore the pair back to the mines and wore them out there.

After getting the works into full operation, making a monthly dividend of about three thousand dollars, I hired a superintendent, started home, and intended to remain there, but in a few months the dividends began to fall off, and want of excitement and exercise was beginning to make my liver torpid, so I made arrangements to sail for California again, on the first favorite out-going steamer. On this trip I met with no exciting episode, but had a pleasant and speedy passage, and was back again at the mine in three days less than a month from the time of leaving home. I found some of the parties had worked out the richest portions of their claims and quit, not being able to pay our price for water and make fair wages. After finding out that fact, I immediately reduced the water rent to a rate that would still give the industrious miner fair wages, and all resumed work again. I soon had the dividends up again, by the introduction of improved modes of working, and was able to keep them there for some years. During these years, I made the trip to and from New York once every

year, and during those voyages met with but one incident worth relating. During the War, I sailed from New York on a steamer commanded by Captain Tinclepaugh, on board of which were a hundred and fifty men who had been recruited as sailors, and were being taken to Panama to be put on board of a man of war then in that port. Before we reached the West India Islands, these recruits had formed a conspiracy to take the steamer, and set the time to make the attempt. By some means the captain had been informed, and he told about a dozen of us (whom he thought he could trust not to noise it about and create a panic) and gave us from the ship's gun room each a revolver, with directions that, on hearing a given signal, we were all to hasten to a point on the promenade deck where we could look down on a passage way leading from the steerage to the after-deck and gun and wine rooms, which the captain had learned was to be their objective point. As the appointed hour approached, we were all on the watch for the signal. Presently we heard it, and rushed to the place where the captain had told us if we saw one of the malcontents raise a firearm, to shoot him through the brain before he could fire. We looked down upon twenty or thirty of the most villainous looking scoundrels imaginable, all armed with sheath knives, but we could see no pistols. They were making their way, two abreast, along the passage, until they arrived amid-ship. Here, the captain and mate, each with a cocked revolver in his hand, and

in a voice they could all hear, commanded them to stop. Three or four of the foremost ones showed their knives above their heads and made but part of a step forward, when the two foremost ones fell to the deck. The third, showing no inclination to go forward instead of back, was also shot down by the captain; two or three others were wounded by the same balls that killed the leaders, but all made their way to their quarters, probably concluding they would not take the steamer just then.

The captain and mate went into their quarters, and with the naval officer who had them in charge, put fifteen of those who were supposed to be the ring-leaders in irons, and kept them confined until we reached the Islands, where we met a convey, sent out to protect our ship from capture by the Alabama, then supposed to be cruising in the Caribbean Sea. These recruits were here transferred to the convey, except the three who paid the penalty for their attempted piracy, who were sewed up in canvas,—prepared to make food for fishes. Before casting them overboard, the captain made inquiries among the passengers for a clergyman, but could find none. A friend of mine from Buffalo, cognizant of the fact, informed the captain that I was a commissioned chaplain. He at once applied to me to read the service over them. I officiated, and saw them slide off the plank without a regret, as I doubted not they would have murdered the entire ship's load, had not the

captain been prepared to meet them.

Many of my relatives will be surprised to hear that I have ever been a commissioned chaplain, but nevertheless, such is the fact. While I was living in Buffalo in 1854, cities were just beginning to get up independent military organizations called City Guards. One of one was formed in Buffalo, of which I was invited to be an officer. I had not the least military ambition, and told the boys I would take no position in the regiment unless it were that of chaplain, where I could keep always in the rear. I supposed that would be the last of it, but a fortnight after, on receiving my mail at the post office, I found a package bearing the broad seal of the State of New York, and upon opening, found a chaplain's commission, bearing the signature of William M. Marcy, Governor. Knowing it would relieve me from military duty, for which I had no taste, I preserved it as valuable, besides being a curiosity. Years after, while my family were living in New York, and I most of the time in California, on one of my visits home, my wife informed me that an officer had called several times, demanding a fine for non-attendance at military drill. She suggested that I look to it, lest they should levy upon furniture. I took my commission, called at the Marshall's office, showed him the paper, whom he begged my pardon, and said they were not aware I was a clergyman. They would cancel the fine and erase my name from those subject to duty. This may not

be a very brilliant military career. But it is all I have done in that line.

Like all Placer mines, Sailor Diggings began to fail, and I concluded to sell my interest, and find a new Placer. In the meantime, what was known as the Rogue River War was giving us some trouble, and we had been compelled to keep a company of scouts in the field, and points where fewer persons were mining had been forced to abandon their claims, and "fort up," as the miners expressed it. That is, they put posts ten feet high around a space of ground large enough to hold cabins for the whole neighborhood, and remain there, until assured by the scouts that the Indians were far away. This war sung along for over two years, from 1855 to 1857. At times the Indians came off conquerors, when pitted against an equal number of regulars. The Indians had the advantage of a perfect knowledge of the mountains, and by keeping lookouts on the top of peaks, and with a system of signals, were at all times advised of the whereabouts of the army in pursuit of them, and its numbers. The Government, after putting the entire force on the coast in the field, and finding the war still likely to last indefinitely, called for volunteers. These volunteers were as well acquainted with the passes, ravines, and canons as the Indians, and some of them could read the Indian signals. Within a few months after the volunteers were put into the field the war was brought to an end, and the mines again re-

sumed their work. During the progress of this war, nearly every man in Oregon and Washington Territory has furnished something towards carrying it on. The ranches have furnished beef, bacon, flour, and horses. Miners enlisted for the war, some furnishing their own arms and horses. This property and these services were receipted for by a Government Officer, and aggregated nearly five million dollars. Many merchants and ranchers had put all they were worth into this indebtedness of the Government, and when Senator Joseph Lane and Governor Stevens asked for an appropriation to pay them, they were told it was a swindle, and it received no attention during the session.

The next session, Governor Stevens succeeded in getting through a resolution appointing three army officers to go into each county and examine the war claims, and report the amount equitably due to each claimant. These officers, after giving due notice, went into the counties, met the claim-holders, and after becoming satisfied of the amount justly due them, gave each a paper known as Oregon War Scrip. We supposed we would be paid as soon as Congress met, but for two or three sessions an appropriation for the purpose was voted down, eastern members still claiming it was a swindle. I made up my mind that the fault was with our members in not giving it all the attention it required, to get fairly understood.

Holding a few thousand dollars of the scrip I had received for advances I had made to both volunteers and regulars

I accepted the task of accumulating as large an amount as I could, either, with a right to use ten per cent of it, to bring information before the committee, and to induce Congress to do us tardy justice. I went on to Washington and made arrangements with Riggs & Company (who were at that time recognized as the Government Bankers) to appoint me their attorney to receipt for war scrip, they agreeing to try and collect it, and to account to owners for all but ten per cent. I made a similar arrangement with Duncan Sherman & Company of New York, in order to give owners a choice of bankers, and then started back to Oregon. I found, when I arrived in San Francisco, that quite a large amount of it had got into the hands of wholesale dealers there, all of which was handed over to me, together with letters to their correspondents advising them to do so, and to aid me in getting control of as much as possible. I then took the steamer to Crescent City, where I gathered a large amount. From there, to Sailor Diggings, Jacksonville, Yreka, and Happy Camp. From there, I passed through all the towns in Umpqua Valley, until I reached Salem, the seat of the Government of Oregon. Here I found the Legislature in session and in a state of excitement, endeavoring, in joint session, to elect a United States Senator. Colonel E. D. Baker was the Republican candidate, and after numerous ballots, lacked but a single vote of an election. After attending the session once or twice, I thought I had discovered where I could

[illegible] of the ten per cent commission advantageously. I found a senator from one of the counties I had just passed through, and where I had found considerable war scrip. He was voting steadily in opposition to Colonel Baker. I asked him if he did not know that Colonel Baker would help his constituents? He said: "Yes, and I should like to see him elected, but when on the stump I pledged myself not to vote for a black republican unless they instructed me to do so." Soon after this conversation I mounted my horse and rode back to that county—about fifty miles—rushed about among his constituents, got them to call a public meeting, which I was asked to address. I told them the conversation I had had with their representative, and that if they wanted pay for their war scrip, now was the time to act. I told them further, that State pride should induce them to aid in the election of a senator of commanding talents; that Colonel Baker was far superior to any one ever sent from the Pacific Coast, and few, if any, in the United States were his superiors. The result was, that a set of resolutions was introduced, requesting the members to vote for Colonel E. D. Baker, and adopted almost unanimously. I returned at once to Salem, and at the next joint convention, Colonel Baker was elected.

I went on down the valley to Oregon City, and other towns to Portland. On my arrival there, an incident occurred that I am inclined to relate, as it was a little dramatic. I stop-

ped at the Pioneer Hotel, then the principal one of the city. It was my first visit; I knew not a soul, nor was I known. I was sitting on the piazza where two or three other gentlemen were conversing, while one old gentleman was reading a newspaper. Presently the reader spoke, apparently to himself, saying: "I can talk more Indian languages than any other man in Oregon." Thought I to myself, I will give him a little Chippewa, so I said to him:""Appachee kee Nebwaka Ke nistoottum Ke Eskeetootig." ("You talk knowingly, but do you understand what I am saying?") His paper dropped from his hands, he arose from his chair,- his eyes dilating,- trembling in every limb. As he came towards me, he answered me in the same language I had used: "Wagonnish Manu Neen Ne wait," ("What is that, that sounds so sweet?") "Neishtana beboon kee nonedon Ainewaih." ("It is twenty years since I have heard such sounds, and I thought at first they came from the ground.") He was so astonished and delighted, that he was disposed to embrace me, and was not content until each of us had sung a stave or two in Chippewa. By this time, we had an audience of at least fifty people,- all wondering what language Captain McDonald and the stranger could be using. Some were there who declared they know some words of the sixteen different dialects along the coast and on Puget Sound, but none that sounded like what we were using. He then told me that over thirty years ago he had left Montreal, crossed the Continent on

the old Hudson Bay route once near the head waters of the Mississippi, had married a Chippewa woman who had then been dead twenty-five years, and mine were the first words of the language he had heard since. The people told me he had been one of the Hudson Bay Governors up to the time the property of the Company came into the hands of our Government.

From Portland I went on to Astoria; from there, across to Olympia, where I took the steamer for Victoria, stopping at Sutter and other towns along the Sound,—thence back to San-Francisco. Here I remained until Colonel Baker succeeded in getting an appropriation for our claims, just before the Government was called upon for means to carry on the war, and I am of the opinion that if we had been a few months later, it would be still unpaid.

My next mining enterprise was the building of a ditch near Crescent City. I found there what I thought could be made a profitable investment to bring water about seven miles on to the ground that prospected fairly. Crescent City was a pleasant, thriving village of a thousand people, and my mining was so near by, that I concluded this time that instead of going to New York to visit my family, I would send for them to come to me, and locate them in the City, where I could be with them as often at least as once a week. They came on, and lived there about a year, while I finished my ditch, and commenced to mine. I had nearly got fairly to work, when the Pra-

ser River excitement in regard to a wonderful gold mine discovered there, took away the entire population of miners, and left me without men to work or to sell water to. I sent an advertisement to San Francisco, saying: "Wanted. Fifty Chinamen, to whom good wages will be paid to work by the day, or to mine on their own account and be furnished with water at a fair rate." This advertisement was the means of bringing me thirty Chinamen by the first steamer. The Chinamen, after prospecting, concluded to buy water and mine on their own account, and for a few months I had a lively Chinese Camp, and soon got back the money invested.

This was in 1861, while the silver excitement was raging and prospectors were scouring the mountains in search of silver mines. Some old prospectors, who had worked for me at Sailor Diggings, had wandered off into what was known as Owens River Valley, about three hundred and fifty miles north of Los Angeles and east of the Sierra Nevada. They had found near Owen Lake eight leads, out of which they had taken a small quantity of ore, which they had brought to Crescent City, and had it tested by an assayer, and found it showed the precious metals. The parties were entirely at a loss what to do with their find, be it good, or bad. They applied to me to sell it for them, agreeing to give me one-half of what I might get for it. I concluded to go on to New York, and try and find a market. I went down to San Francisco. There I bought a pair

of mules and a spring wagon and started for Owen's River Valley, to examine the mine and take out, myself, from each of them a quantity of the ore, that I might be able to represent what I could vouch for. I took out fifty ounces from each of the mines, brought it to San Francisco, had it worked, and got a button of silver from each of them. I then went on to New York, and had I taken evidences of title and power of attorney to convey to a company, and issued stock, I could have realized a half a million of dollars. The people were mining mad, and willing to invest in anything showing a trace of the precious metals. I was too conservative, and only went prepared to sell to would-be investors. I said, "I have the refusal of mines situated in such a region and possessing such and such evidences of value (giving a full description, as I had found them to possess, by personal thorough surface examination.) I will sell them for two hundred thousand dollars. If you desire to purchase, and will send out an expert to examine them, if he does not find them as I have stated, I will pay all the expenses attending the examination."

On these terms, a Syndicate was formed, consisting of prominent capitalists, and an agent sent out, with whom I returned to Owens River Valley. He reported my statement verified in every particular, and in accordance with the agreement paid over thirty thousand dollars, and executed a mortgage for the balance, payable in two years.

While I was at the mines this time, I purchased a single prospect, for which I paid the discoverer six thousand dollars, with a view of going on to New York again to organize a company to develop it. Before leaving for New York, I put a couple of men at work, and opened the vein to the depth of six feet; and out of the ore from this excavation, I selected eleven hundred pounds, which I took with me to New York, and had it worked by a smelting furnace in Newark, New Jersey, which returned me five hundred and twenty-five pounds of lead, and twenty-three ounces of silver. On this showing, I was able to organize a company, and sell a controlling interest for fifty thousand dollars in cash; but, to make this sale, I had to agree to go back to the mine and act as its superintendent, until it was in successful operation.

I returned by the way of Los Angeles, where I purchased a team of mules, and a supply of tools and provisions, and commenced sinking a shaft upon the lode. By this time, the Indians in the Valley had begun to be troublesome, and prospectors in the upper part of the Valley had been killed by them, but my party was well provided with arms, and as the Indians had only bows and arrows, we felt no alarm, although we could occasionally see a solitary Indian on some of the rocky peaks in our neighborhood. We continued unmolested, sinking a shaft, taking out ore every day, until attaining a depth of fifty feet. We then drifted on the course of the vein twen-

ty-five feet, for a chamber to commence stoping. We then continued sinking the shaft another fifty feet, at the bottom of which we drifted on the vein again, for a chamber. I give this description of our work for the reason that its features a short time after afforded a retreat to our force that saved their lives. The men were in the habit of wearing their pistols around their waists, when going to and from the mines to the boarding house, and, when reaching the mine, taking them off, and placing them under the planks of the platform on which the windlass was worked.

I have already said that the Indians were occasionally seen on the peaks not far from the mine, and it appears they were learning the habits of the miners, and had discovered the facts: first, that they deposited their arms under the platform; second, that all hands sometimes went down into the mine, for half an hour or more. They had made up their minds that during one of the times when all hands were in the shaft, (the depth of which they could see,) that they could steal up, and gobble the pistols. In the meantime, the drinking water for the force was kept in the drift in the fifty-foot level, and the surface men, instead of having gone down to the hundred foot level to work for any time, as they sometimes did, had only gone down for a drink. When the first man on emerging from the shaft discovered an Indian not a few rods away making off, he hallooed to the men below: "Here are Indians!"

Hereupon, the Indian turned back, with cocked revolver in his hand, which of course induced the man to grab for his own, but when he discovered that it and all the rest were gone, he skedaddled down the ladder as fast as he could go, and got into the fifty foot drift and out of sight of the Indian, who was evidently fearful of showing himself, lest some of the men might yet have a pistol. The Indians, then thinking they had a chance to make a final disposition of five white men, commenced to throw down rocks, wheel-barrows, crow-bars, blocks of ore, and every movable thing they could lay their hands upon, until they supposed the men were all not only dead, but buried. They then stuck their heads through the opening, peering down the shaft, and hallooing "Wangies!" (White men.)

The men, being in the drifts, were out of sight of the Indians, but they could see the Indians plainly, and could have made good Indians of them, if they had been in possession of their arms. In a short time the Indians left, and the men in the shaft remained perfectly quiet, fearing that if the Indians found they were uninjured, they would set fire to bundles of sage brush and throw them down, which would soon smother them. They were in trepidation, fearing the cook had been attacked first, and as the ladders had been broken into kindling wood by the rocks that the Indians had thrown down the shaft, there was no possible way for them to get out, without help. It was ten miles away from the nearest settlers, so I expect they

spent a couple of anxious hours. The cook, waiting two hours and the men not coming to dinner, concluded something was wrong and started for the mine. As he approached, he could see that there had been a clearing up around the shaft—piles of ore and rocks were missing,-not a wheel-barrow, crow-bar, or sledge in sight. He finally stepped on to the platform, looked down the shaft, and hallooed. At the sound of his voice, there came up from the shaft the combined cheers of five as happy boys as ever were released from prison. Fortunately, the Indians had not disturbed the windlass, and the rope was still upon the cylinder. As soon as the cook could let down the rope,he hauled the men up, one at a time. I happened to be in San Francisco at the time, and all work was suspended until I returned. The men were on the look-out for another attack, all the time. As soon as I returned, I sent word to the Commandant of the Fort, at Independence, sixteen miles away, that the Indians had attacked us, and he at once sent down a sergeant and ten men,and kept them encamped there for two or three months.

In this little speck of war, I learned how so many good-hearted men had been made to believe that there are no good Indians but dead ones. The five men who were imprisoned in the mine, after this, were willing to shoot an Indian wherever they could see one, and I have found that to be the case with all the emigrants I ever knew, who were attacked by Indians, when crossing the plains on their way to California.

While the soldiers remained at the mine, they, with my men, made excursions into the mountains every Sunday, to look for Indians, and they got back all the pistols that the Indians had carried away.

It was but a little while after this, that quite a respectable war was raging, and the regulars were glad to accept the aid of the miners to quell it. A company of volunteers encountered the Indians but a short distance from the mine, and ran a number of them into Owens Lake, where they found twenty-three dead ones. This settled the Indian trouble in that valley, and from that day to this those Digger Indians have been not only peaceable, but many of them became industrious farm laborers, and constitute one-half of those who hire out for farm work. Some of them have preempted Government land, pay taxes, and send their children to school. Although these Indians have always been considered of a very low life, I think they showed greater adaptability for civilization than the Indians of the Atlantic States.

I continued to superintend this mine for about three years. I erected the first smelting furnace in the county, and shipped the first bullion to Los Angeles by team, and from there, by steamer, to San Francisco. It was but a short time after I commenced the shipment of bullion, before other mines were opened near me, and bullion was being shipped daily, at the rate of twenty tons per day. This bullion consisted of ores weigh-

ing about a hundred pounds each,—the lead and the silver unseparated, as the separating could be done in San Francisco cheaper than at the mine, and no danger of road agents while in transit. By this time (about 1875) there were five smelting furnaces in blast, within a few miles of Owens Lake, and upwards of eight million dollars worth of silver and lead had been produced by them. In the meantime, wood for charcoal was being exhausted, and the only point at which an abundance could be found was on the Sierra Nevada mountains, on the Western side of the Valley. This wood for charcoal was twenty-five miles distant from the mines, yet in plain sight. A lake, ten miles across, and nine miles up a mountain side intervened, but I determined to make it available. Having fulfilled my agreement with the company to whom I had sold the mine, I resigned my superintendency, and preempted the water of Cotton Wood Creek that had its rise on the summit of the mountain and meandered through an immense body of excellent timber for lumber and charcoal.

I got title to fifteen hundred acres of the land through the California State University, who had authority from Congress to locate unsurveyed lands, by paying the expense of surveying. The Cotton Wood Creek emptied into the Lake, directly opposite the mines. Near the bottom of the Creek, I built a house, moved my family into it, and commenced to build a pack-trail up the mountain, to enable me to transport machinery for

a saw mill. While at work at this, the great local earth - quake occurred that, for a time, was known as the Inyo earth- quake, it being confined to that county. On the twenty-third of March, at about three o'clock at night, (?) my entire family found themselves sprawling on the floors of our bed rooms, the house swaying and rolling so that it was impossible for us to stand upon our feet, but by dint of creeping and rolling, the five of us finally succeeded in getting out of doors, where we witnessed the most awe-inspiring sights that imagination can conceive. In front of us the lake was coming up towards us in waves apparently forty feet high, and roaring like the ocean in a gale. The mountain near us was shaking and trembling to an extent that loosened immense rocks from the peaks near the summit, which came bounding and jumping from cliff to cliff, increasing their velocity as they came, and leaving a streak of fire behind them that looked like hundreds of streaks of chain-lightning, and so lit up the mountain sides that we could see these immense rocks on their transit to the plain. This turmoil, noise, and shaking continued until daylight, but grew less and less, from the first great jar that threw us out of bed. The sensation that all of us felt was of having started in one direction with great velocity, and being stopped so suddenly as to throw us at least ten feet, although we were in a recumbent position. At daylight, the earth had quieted down so that we could move about, and see what had been the results

in our immediate neighborhood. We were fourteen miles from any other people, and we feared we might be the only survivors in the Valley. Nevertheless, in due season, we thought of breakfast. My sister Charlotte and my daughter Marcia were the females of the family, and Sherman, Augustus, and myself, constituted the five. Charlotte and Marcia declared they would not go into the house again to sleep or to eat, lest another jar would cause the chimneys, already badly cracked, to tumble in and crush them. I made a fire outside, and went to look for water for coffee. We had a stream of water brought from the Creek for culinary purposes and for irrigating a garden, but when I looked for it, it was gone, and I could see that the oscillation had been so great, that before it had ceased to run, it had been thrown out of the ditch on each side for a distance of three feet or more. I then went to the Creek for it, and found it also dry. Here was a discovery. I was depending upon the stream to transport my wood and lumber from the mountain, and if the stream was gone, the enterprise was a failure. After digging a hole in the bed of the creek and finding water for breakfast, Augustus saddled a horse and went up the creek towards the mountain for about a mile, and found the water pouring into a crack in the earth, about three feet wide. After running into it three or four days the crack filled up, and the water came again in its channel.

About ten o'clock, the stage from Los Angeles came up. The driver was terribly demoralized; said the initial jar had thrown him off the coach, had thrown his horses flat to the ground, and had so frightened them that it was with the utmost difficulty that he could control them. As he came up the Valley at the time the road ran near the foot of the mountain, and the immense great bowlders came rolling down so near to him, that he expected every moment was his last. Cracks, from time to time, crossed the road, where one side would be three or four feet higher than the other, when he would have to use a shovel (which he carried) to let his wagon up or down, as the case might be.

As I have before stated, we had no neighbors nearer than Lone Pine, fourteen miles to the North of us, and it was not probable that we should hear from there until the stage returned the next day. We were anxious for news from there, as we knew there were a good many brick and adobe buildings, which were considered much less safe than wooden ones. Our anxiety proved but too well founded, for every brick, stone, and adobe building in the Valley was demolished, and twenty-three persons killed outright, and a score or more injured—some of them for life.

We were expecting disastrous news from San Francisco and other coast cities, but happily this was a local earthquake, and only extended about fifty miles, and spent most of its

force from Lone Pine to the foot of the Lake. That we were terribly scared at the time, there is no doubt, but we soon forgot it, and my children, now in California, when reading of the devastation created by the tornadoes and cyclones that are occurring all over the Atlantic states, declare that they prefer an earthquake country, if California is one, for the very good reason that earthquakes are less frequent.

We went on with the trail that I have said I had commenced to make up the cañon, and by the first of April, commenced to pack up the material we required to put up a saw mill to be run by water.

By the first of June we had completed a mill with which we could make ten thousand feet of lumber in a day, and the mill was making dimensions lumber for a V flume from the mill to the Lake, in which to transport lumber and cord wood. I had already had a survey of the route, and men were at work clearing the way, and placing the foundation on which to erect it. I then made the boxes of the mill and put them in place for eight or ten rods, and made gates to enable me to turn any part of the water that propelled the saw directly into the flume. From this on, the boxes, as fast as required, at the lower end, were put into the flume at the mill, and just water enough turned on to float them down to where they were to take their places in the line. By the first of November, we had a flume completed from the mill fairly out on to the plain, and

were able to send down all the lumber we had made that did not go into the construction of the flume, some fifty thousand feet, and all the slabs that came off of about four hundred thousand feet of logs. We found that we could send down ten thousand feet of lumber in one hour, or twenty cords of wood, and that it took but thirty-one minutes to run down a eight inch square limb, twenty-four feet long.

The mill being eleven thousand feet above tidewater, we, of course, had to suspend operations during the winter, but early in the spring I extended the flume to a point where I had erected kilns for burning charcoal, for which there was a demand for not less than eight thousand bushels per day, by the smelting furnaces then in operation. This charcoal I could, with my facilities, manufacture and deliver cheaper than they could produce it elsewhere, and make a profit of five cents on each bushel. I had not yet got all my arrangements completed. I was building lighters, a steam tug, and docks upon each side of the lake, but I finally got everything in working order, and was delivering coal, lumber, and wood, and felt that I was on the road to a fortune, and should have hesitated before accepting a quarter of a million dollars for my property, had it been offered me.

In the meantime, two of the largest mines who were my largest customers, were in litigation, and a decision adverse to their claims was rendered by the court, and they were shut

town. A sudden fall in price of lead and silver had discouraged other mines, and in ten days time, there was not a mine in the district raising ore, nor a furnace in blast. A panic and depression seized the entire community. Every industry in the Valley was crippled. Ranches had no longer a market. The merchants could sell no goods, nor collect a dollar due them. All confidence was gone. All who had claims against others, felt it incumbent upon themselves to press them, if there was a remote chance to collect. I, to finish my works, had gone a few thousand dollars beyond my means, and my property, into which I had put nearly a hundred thousand dollars in money, and nearly ten years of hard work, was sold under an attachment, and left me without a dollar, but not in debt. All my laborers were paid, and I did not give up to mourning over my losses, nor sleep nor eat the less. We left our place at Cotton Wood when sold out, and hired a little ranch at Lone Pine. Sherman and Augustus went to work for wages, while I, with a hired Chinaman, went to raising chili peppers and onions, and made it pay. 'Tis true, this was not an exciting life, but I spent two uneventful years making an occasional trip for sport and recreation to the mountains where I had built the saw mill. I had put fifteen little trout into the stream, that I had procured in a stream that emptied on the West side of the mountain, and they grew and multiplied so fast in their new home,

that I could, at the end of three years, with rod, line, and fly, take a hundred of them, weighing a quarter of a pound each in an afternoon; and in a stream heading at the base of Mount Whitney, just across the divide, the golden trout are so abundant and the margin of the stream so clear of brush, that I have ridden along its bank on horseback, and caught them by the score, and this, in an atmosphere so cool, clear, and invigorating, that each day's sojourn seemed to increase vitality, and renew one's age.

About two years since I was induced to leave this quiet, sylvan life, to plunge again into the excitement of mining for gold; not this time in the mountains of California among Piute and Digger Indians, but in the old State of Virginia, but four hours distant from the city of Washington. Gentlemen of my acquaintance had become the owners of an estate of a thousand acres on which were numerous auriferous veins, some of which had been profitably worked before the war. They were in hopes the hydraulic process could be used to work the surface, and knowing my experience, they had sent for me to come and superintend their works. I came on, and was surprised to find almost within the sound of the bells of the city of Washington evidence of the existence of gold, quite equal to any I had ever seen in the palmy days of California.

I advised the Company to look for gold by sinking shafts upon the veins, but they were anxious to work the surface, in

hopes that they might uncover a bonanza that would pay all expenses of a plant for underground work. The country was too flat, and water too scarce for hydraulic work, but by ordinary sluicing off the top down to bed rock, we found gold in all of them. On the last day's work done under my supervision, five colored boys took up one hundred and twenty dollars. That night the weather became cold, and we were compelled to suspend mining until spring. I then went on to New York, where I found employment,—not so exciting, but less laborious. I remained in the vicinity of New York until February of the present year, since when I have been traveling in Northern Michigan. I visited many of the places I was familiar with when a boy, saw all whom I could find of those I knew years ago, but they were few and far between. I was in hopes to have found some of my Indian friends, and was curious to see and learn the results of sixty years' intercourse with civilization. I inquired at Grand Blanc, Flint, Saginaw, Shiawassie, and at Grand Rapids, but no one could tell where they could be found, or even if any of them still lived.

At a party at Grand Rapids, at which I was a guest, a little episode occurred, that pleased me greatly. I was informed that there was a lady present who could talk with me in what some of them facetiously called my "native tongue." When I was introduced to her, (by the by, she was the wife of the Mayor)

all declared we must talk in Chippewa. I supposed that she, like most of the early settlers, had learned a few words, and could probably ask for bread and say that she was hungry, etc. I thought I would open a conversation with her which she would have to confess was beyond her comprehension. I said to her: "Mageyai Waiske neering Oppchee ne minewandon acquaysane keketooing." (When I was a young man, I was very fond of talking with the girls.) She answered, without hesitation: "I, too, when young, was pleased to talk with the boys." From that time on, we found much to talk about and laugh at that was Greek to those about us. When asked to tell what we were talking about, we told them that it was their request that we should talk in Chippewa, and they must find their own interpreter. She was the daughter of a clergyman, who had for years been a missionary at the Sault de St.Marie, where she was born, and for some years, like myself, had only Indian children as playmates. She told me that for years she had had no opportunity of using it, but that she did not forget, and it came quite as readily as when she was a child.

I shall now close the attempt to narrate the incidents and experiences occurring to myself, for which doubtless our descendants, if they wade through these pages, will be thankful. I have yet to give an account of the two sisters younger than myself—Elizabeth and Emily.

After all the children but these two had left the home at Grand Blanc, the brothers persuaded our father and mother to sell the old farm at Grand Blanc, and accept a little home they would purchase for them at Avon Springs, New York. They lived there very comfortably until these two married. The first to do so was Elizabeth, who married Grant Dicker, who settled in Flint, Michigan, and was a prominent business man there. In fact, he is still there, but Elizabeth, his first wife, has been dead some years. She had two children,—a boy, who went to the war and was literally starved to death in the Libby Prison, and a daughter who is the wife of Albert Rudy and lives at Flint, near her father. Emily, the youngest, married Samuel L. Fuller, who is now living with a second wife at Grand Rapids, Michigan. Emily had two daughters—Lily and Katy. Lily died young, but Katy is now a Mrs. Torry, and lives near her father. She is an artist of some celebrity, having executed some pictures that have been hung in the art galleries in New York, and sold there.

I have now told all I can remember of the family, except to relate the career of Brother Rufus, whose life, although less eventful than the rest of us, was perhaps more useful, and a greater benefit to the early settlers of Genesee County than any other man. As I have already stated, he came into Michigan in 1822, and located a piece of land adjoining the land of Oliver Williams, four miles north of Pontiac. Mr. Williams'

at that time, was the only white family between Pontiac and Saginaw. He had a family of eight children, all but one or two of them of an age when they ought to have been at school. Rufus, like all the older members of our family, had had the advantages of a common school education, and was competent to teach the others what he had learned.

Mr. Williams fitted up an outbuilding on his premises for a schoolroom, and employed him to teach his children during the winter of 1822, and we were always of the opinion that it was while he was teaching that he fell in love with one of his pupils, which induced him to select land in the immediate vicinity of her home. Although the land was poor, the pupil was desirable. The land he parted with, and soon after our family settled in Grand Blanc, he married Caroline, the eldest daughter of Oliver Williams, and went to housekeeping near the homestead at that place.

He cleared and cultivated a farm, and kept a small store for trade with Indians. He learned enough of the language to enable him to understand and make himself understood, but it was such broken Chippewa as to cause the Indians great amusement at times. I remember an attempt he once made to congratulate a young Indian who had killed his first bear. The bear was large and fat. I hardly know what he intended to say, but what he did say was: "To weet to po cacheet kinabo che muscgo to mul to nebara pimata pocacheet. Poorah pocacheet deada

bear hooran plenty grease pocachoet." This so amused the Indians, that it became a by-word among them for years.

He lived here for some years,—in fact, until more or less people began to settle about us. There was no post office nearer than Pontiac, so he made application for one at Grand Blanc, and the department gave him the office, but upon condition that he would carry his own mail, and take the receipts of the office for compensation. As there was not an average of over half a dozen letters a week, it would have been poor pay for the service, even if the postage had been paid,but the facts were that not one in five of those early settlers had the money to pay postage for a year or two after settling. Then, each letter that came from east of Lake Erie cost twenty-five cents, and they were scarcely every prepaid, but I do not believe a man or a woman ever left the office without their letters.

At an early day Rufus built a saw mill at the crossing of the Thread River near the Flint,—the first and only one in the county. The woods by this time in several towns had more or less houses without a board in their construction, and not a settler but wanted from five hundred to a thousand feet, but they had no money to pay with—not one in five ever paid him—and he could not say no,knowing their wants. His Indian trade enabled him to live, and after a time he also put up a grist mill at the same place and by the [illegible] of fur-

nishing half the families in the counties with flour and meal from his tool chest, upon the promise to pay for it at some future time. When what is now the City of Flint began to grow, he built a house there, sold his place at Grand Blanc, and moved his family to the city. He had by this time six children, five sons and one daughter. Lee Andrew, the oldest son, as soon as he was old enough, came to Pontiac to live with me, and was for a year or two in the office of the Railroad Company. He afterwards went to Detroit, still in the service of the Railroad Company, but was there stricken with consumption, and died at the Hodges House in Pontiac.

Albert, the next son, went with me to California, and I have already given some account of his successful mining there but his health began to fail and and he visited the Sandwich Islands, where he spent some time, but finding no relief, returned to California, and died there. During his illness, his only sister went out to him, but I am not sure whether he lived to see her.

Zobedie, the sister, married in California, and is living in Oroville, Butte County. She married Judge Warren Sexton, who was for many years upon the bench and was considered a man of great ability, and died lamented and loved by all who knew him. Zobedie has a son and a daughter, both grown up, who possess more than ordinary talents. The son is a successful lawyer, in Butte County, and the daughter has for some time been a high

grade teacher in the public schools.

Oscar A., the next son, learned to be a printer, and when quite young published, for a time, a Democratic paper in Oakland County. He there married a daughter of H. L. Stevens, a cousin of his father, went from Michigan to Washington, and there became interested in and was superintendent and manager of the Washington and Alexandria Rail Road. He still lives in Washington, and has a grown up family of three daughters and one son. The eldest daughter is married, and has one child. The son is in charge of the car in which the Government is distributing food fishes, under the direction of the United States Fish Commissioners.

The next son of Rufus, Oliver, died of consumption, near Two Rivers, Sheboygan. George, the youngest, lives a neighbor to his sister, in Oroville, Butte County, California. He is a successful business man, I am told.

After burying his wife, Rufus (his family all being scattered) came to live with me, and died at my house, in 1850.

This, I believe, closes all I can say in reference to the lives and careers of the members of the Stevens family. I regret that so large a portion of the papers refers to my own career, but I certainly ought to have a more vivid recollection of that than of any other.

F A M I L Y R E C O R D.

Jacob Stevens,
born at Ward, Worcester County, Massachusetts, January seventeenth 1773.

Eunice Stevens,
born at Westborough, Worcester County, October first, 1774.

Jemima Stevens,
born at New Fane, Windham County, Vermont, September thirteenth, 1795.

Rufus Stevens,
born at New Fane, May tenth 1797.

Horatio Stevens,
born at New Fane, December twenty-ninth 1790.

Augustus Stevens,
born at New Fane, December fourth 1800.

Augustus C. Stevens,
born at Lima, July ninth, 1802.

Eunice Stevens,
born at Lima, June seventh 1804.

Patty Stevens,
born at Lima, June twenty-seventh 1806.

Charlotte Stevens,
born at Lima, March twenty-third 1808.

Israel Sherman Stevens,
born at Lima, August twelfth 1810.

Jacob Stevens,
born at Lima, November twenty-fifth 1812.

Nancy Stevens,
born at Lima, October second, 1814.

Miss Emily Stevens,
born at Henrietta, May eighth 1820.

Elizabeth Stevens,
born at Pittsford, March fifteenth 1817.

O B I T U A R Y.

Jacob Stevens, Senior,
died at Knoxville, Orleans County, New York,
May fifth 1857.

Eunice Stevens,
died at Barre, Orleans County, August fourth 1847.

Jemima Perkins,
died at Barre, aged sixty years.

Rufus Stevens,
died at Pontiac, Michigan.

Horatio Stevens,
died at Brooklyn, November eighteenth 1871.

Augustus Stevens,
died at New Fane, October sixteenth, aged ten months.

Augustus C. Stevens,
died at Seconondoa, Oneida County, May eighth 1845.

Eunice Stevens Brinsmade,
died at Knowlesville.

Charlotte Kinsdale,
died at Brooklyn, Long Island, aged seventy-three years.

Israel Sherman Stevens,
died at Lone Pine, Inyo County, California,
February sixteenth 1877, aged seven y-seven years.

Jacob Stevens, Junior,
died at Lima, April twelfth 1815.

Nancy Stevens,
died at Pittsford, June twelfth 1811.

Emily Fuller,
died at Conesus, Livingston County, New York,
aged thirty-two years.

Elizabeth Decker,
died at Flint, Michigan, aged twenty-seven years.
(I am inclined to think Mrs. Decker was older at her death than stated. 27 was quite young for a mother of three or two children She was born in 1817, and therefore could have died in 1844?)

Watertown, July 8th, 1887.

My dear Nephew:

I have read with great interest my dear Brother's wonderful memory of early life in our childhood home. I discover, however, some mistakes in his notice of our ancestors. On my Father's side was a lineal descendant of Roger Sherman.[1] My Father's Mother's maiden name was Patty Sherman, after whom I was named. My Gramfather's name was Israel Stevens. Brother Sherman was named after him for Israel and on his Grandmother's side, Sherman.

My Gramfather Stevens had five sons instead of three, as my Brother has it, and one daughter. The oldest son's name was Israel, after his Father, the other sons were named: Phineas, Samuel, Francis, and Jacob. The daughter was named after her Mother, Patty. She married a man by the name of Campbell. I have the impression that he was a man of some note in those days, as I used to hear him spoken of as Esquire Campbell. The oldest son, Israel, remained with his parents in Vermont, while they lived. I do not think he had a wife or children. The four younger brothers came to Lima, New York, about the year of Eighteen hundred, and settled on farms adjoining each other. As the family record shows, Augustus Stevens was born at New Fane, Vermont, 1 December 1800.

[illegible] [illegible], and [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] years after my [illegible], settled [illegible] [illegible]. I remember their visit very well. They had four sons: Jonas, Elisha, Saul, and Warren. I know but little about them.

Further, I see no inaccuracy. It is quite surprising to me that he has brought to my mind so many [illegible] that would never have been recalled.

Mrs. Martha Nichols.

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